

**A COLONIST'S VOYAGE
TO
NEW ZEALAND**

UNDER SAIL IN THE "EARLY FORTIES."

BY THE
LATE ALFRED FELL,
Of Nelson, New Zealand

WITH A
FOREWORD
BY HIS SON,
SIR ARTHUR FELL,

M.P. for Great Yarmouth 1906 to 1922.



FOREWORD.

ALFRED FELL, the writer of this Diary, was born at York, July, 1817, but on the death of his parents he was brought up by his uncle, Dr. Little, of Howden, Yorkshire, the author of "Nesbitt's Mensuration," a standard work among Surveyors.

New Zealand, discovered by Tasman in 1642, was visited several times, and the coasts were surveyed by Captain Cook in 1770.

In 1814, English Missionaries landed there, and whaling ships fishing in the Antarctic Seas made shore stations on both islands.

The British Government was continually urged to annex the islands, but refused owing to the exhaustion of the Napoleonic wars.

The New Zealand Company was, however, founded in England in 1839 for the purpose of acquiring land from the Maoris and settling colonists on it, and finally in January, 1840, Captain Hobson was sent by the British Government, from Australia to hoist the British Flag and annex the islands, thus anticipating the French, who landed and hoisted their Flag at Akaroa in the South Island in May, 1840, four months too late.

The New Zealand Company sent out several ship-loads of emigrants, who landed at Wellington, New Plymouth, and Nelson, in 1840 and 1841.

Alfred Fell, then aged twenty-four, joined the band of settlers which sailed for Nelson, in September, 1841, in the sailing ship *Lord Auckland*, of 628 tons register. The diary describes the voyage till the end of February, 1842, when the ship's boats landed: them and food, stores, and the ship's cargo, on the beach of Nelson.

The settlers erected tents and shelters of brushwood, and lived in them until they could build on, the sites to which they were entitled, I believe by drawing lots. Each original settler had a town lot, some suburban land, and farm land in the country.

In 1843, Alfred Fell built a brick house, and married the only daughter of Henry Seymour, who had landed with another batch of settlers a few weeks after the arrival of the *Lord Auckland*. He founded the firm of Fell & Seymour, merchants, which prospered, and in 1859 he retired from business, bringing his family of six sons and a daughter to England to educate. Three of these sons later settled in New Zealand. He had gone out with a small capital, and after eighteen years' work returned home a prosperous man.

These details are given to supplement the Diary and to lead others to take their courage in both hands and seek their fortune in the Colonies.

The contrast between this voyage eighty-five years ago and one in the great liners in these days makes the Diary interesting to readers generally.

The early settlers gave an example of courage and resource which is reflected in the position taken by New Zealand to-day. The descendants of these pioneers have already produced world champions in Sculling and Tennis, and in Running, and the All Blacks have shewn the old country what they can do at Rugby Football; whilst the financial credit of their country stands as high, or higher, than the credit of Great Britain.

It is a wonderful achievement, and shews the British genius and character at their very best.

ARTHUR FELL.

12th October, 1926.

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JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE
FROM
LONDON TO NEW ZEALAND.

Left Gravesend September 25th, 1841.

THE teak-built ship *Lord Auckland*, Captain Jardine, A1, 628 tons register, chartered by the New Zealand Company in place of the *Kelso* (destroyed by fire in the West India Docks the evening preparatory to her commencing loading), completed her cargo and proceeded to Gravesend on Tuesday, September 21st, 1841, and on the following day shipped her passengers and was ready for sea; but I was in possession of information which enabled me safely to remain in London until the Friday. On that morning I finished my business, and at 3 o'clock joined the ship off Gravesend, but from some cause which we could not ascertain the sailing was put off until next day. The Captain's excuse was that Friday was an unlucky day to commence a long voyage upon, and that he had rather not; but this of course was nonsense, as we afterwards proved he was not at all the man to be guided by any superstitious feeling of this kind.

Our cabin passengers are fifteen in number Mr. and Mrs. Otterson and baby, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, Messrs. Graham, Sweet, Patchett, Fell, Sclanders, Barnicoat, Jenkins junr., Thompson, Moon, Greenhow, and Lidbetter. Some are grave, and some are gay; some are quiet, and some are noisy, and some are beginning to exhibit peculiarities already; but all seem companionable, and express a willingness to do anything contributing to our mutual

comfort. Individually, I dare say, I shall, have occasion to speak of them hereafter. In the steerage are sixty married people, twenty-one single men and nineteen single women and five widows; with these are fifty children, which make altogether in that part of the ship 155. The crew consists of captain, three mates, and twenty-six able seamen, with four boys, a carpenter, a butcher, a black cook, a surgeon and his assistant, a steward and three under him to assist and wait in the cuddy; about 220 souls altogether on board. Then we have a proportionate quantity of sheep, pigs, geese, ducks, and fowls, to last us for the voyage. It would be perfectly useless for me to attempt to describe the scene of confusion on board this evening; those, who have never seen a large emigrant ship like the present just before starting a long voyage can form no idea of the uproar both on deck and below; the women crying, the children playing regardless of everything, the men running about and almost knocking each other down, all of us driving away in the arranging of our berths, carpenters hammering, the noise of the pigs, sheep, and poultry; the horrible shouting (to a strange ear) of the sailors, the number of boats alongside with goods for sale, or ready to fetch you anything from the shore (but at such a price), carcasses of beef and mutton hanging about the rigging, the luggage tumbling about on the deck, the multiplicity of ropes and spars, altogether forming a scene of confusion enough to drive one wild. Gradually, however, the living part of it subsides, and by 10 o'clock the captain, two cabin passengers and the writer were all that remained on deck, except the usual watch, and in the place of all that din was a silence like unto the grave.

I must say that I went to bed on this my first night on board with a feeling of loneliness and a something with regard to the step I have taken I never felt before. It was not regret, I

am sure it could not be, but in spite of every effort bygone days would crowd themselves upon my mind, and before I went to sleep every scene, both of happiness and the reverse, right away back from my childhood, all came vividly to my recollection, every well remembered face, all for whom I have ever had a regard, passing in review before me. At length, quite exhausted, I fell asleep, and dreamed of New Zealand being a *perfect fairy land*.

Saturday, September 25th, 1841. I was awoke this morning by the most strange noises about 4 o'clock;., could not tell what in the world to make of it; dressed myself as soon as possible and went on deck. It was the weighing of the anchor, and the noise was a huge capstan used on that occasion, in which is placed a dozen large bars, and men work it round singing all the time a strange wild ditty, of which I could make nothing more out than that it was about "*Nancy O*" and "*Cheerily Men, cheerily O*"; not very musical, and yet not very unpleasant withal. At 8 o'clock all was ready, the mainsail, maintopsail, jib and flying jib being hoisted, we slowly proceeded down the Thames, the pilot, a very respectable sort of man, commanding. Nothing particular occurring on that day, I remained on deck most of the time highly amused with the ever-varying scene the river presented. We breakfast at half after 8 o'clock, lunch (that is biscuit and cheese and grog) at half after 12, and dine half after 3. Tea at 7, and grog again at 9, and all lights are expected to be out in the cuddy by 10 - the wind S.W., and after a very quiet sail anchored at the Nore at 7pm.

I opened my linen this morning and was exceedingly vexed to find one of the bottles of raspberry vinegar, provided for me by my aunt for my comfort, broken, and all my first month's linen saturated with it. I had almost a mind, I was

so vexed, to have thrown the remainder of the bottles overboard; but, however, I thought better of it, and repacked them again apart from clothes, and as I cannot afford to throw them in my dirty bag, I shall dry them, and sleep in sheets strongly stained and perfumed with the same not perhaps very unpleasant liquid; the worst is it is rather sticky. The pilot, as he walked the poop, struck me as being a most superior man; I could have trusted my life in his hands with the greatest confidence; ever watchful, and his quick eye darting all over the ship at every movement, and by his quiet yet firm tone he seemed born to command. The very sailors seemed to look upon him with awe and fear as he shouted in his full and clear voice, *haul round the maintack,*" and the response of "Aye, aye, sir," and the beautiful manoeuvre of completely turning the ship's course was done in an instant. I shall be sorry when he leaves us. It was a beautiful evening. We sang some songs on the deck and drank to our sweethearts and wives, and altogether I went to bed in good spirits and perfectly satisfied with everything.

Sunday, September 26th, 1841. Awoke again about the same time as yesterday with that horrid capstan's clinching noise, and there being a great deal of cable out it took two hours to weigh anchor again. The wind in our teeth, all sails set, and the ship tacking about nearly every quarter of an hour; almost laid on its broadside, which made it very unpleasant to those unaccustomed to it; you cannot stand or sit; so as I knew of no other mode of dealing with myself I went and lay down with a slight symptom of sickness; got up, however, to dinner, ate heartily, and was better. In the steerage I understood they were almost all sick; the surgeon attempted to read service down there in the

morning, but was obliged to leave it from the same cause. In the cuddy the captain did not attempt it.

How unlike Sunday. All went on just as it had done the day before, the sailors shouting, and the dirty wretched looks of the emigrants (for all were sick) was a picture horrible to look at. That my thoughts should revert to the happy Sundays I have spent for the last seven years, as a contrast with the one I am spending now, need not, I think, be wondered at, and that I should rather be inclining to murmur at my lot; but this was but momentary, for soon fancy pictured the future in its brightest colours and chased all gloom away. Well, after a most miserable day, we anchored off Margate about 6 o'clock.

Monday, September 27th, 1841 Again weighed anchor, the wind still in our teeth, and tacked about endeavouring if possible to reach the "*Downs*" that evening. Passed Margate, Broadstairs and Ramsgate, but we were all too sick to pay any regard to passing objects, and at length anchored (once more) in the Downs about 5 o'clock; here we were comparatively quiet, and we recovered ourselves a little.

The town of Deal, and Walmer Castle, the seat of the Duke of Wellington, about two miles from us; but distance on the water is so deceptive, that I did not imagine it more than a quarter of a mile. From some cause which we know not, we were honoured with a salute of guns from the castle. The *Mary Anne* and the *Fifeshire*, the other two ships for New Zealand which left Gravesend almost a week before us, are waiting for a fair wind to take them down the Channel; they are anchored within gunshot of us, and altogether there are about sixty vessels outward bound waiting for the same purpose. Almost immediately the pilot

left us, his duty being at an end, and I need scarcely say that we all parted with him with regret.

Tuesday, September 28th, 1841. Awoke this morning with a most awful squall, accompanied with heavy rain; our only fear was that the ship would snap her cable and drive upon the shore, and the captain wished for sea room and then he would not have cared. However, we weathered it out, and it died away about noon. I was very sick in the morning, but better after dinner—here I differ from Mr. Coverdale when he recommended total abstinence from food. I can only say that the more I eat the better I am, and I have sat down to dinner as to-day quite sick, but after soup and a glass of wine I have been quite well again.

I remained on the poop until 11 o'clock, for it was a beautiful night; the moon and the stars shone with a brilliancy I have never seen before, and the sea, except now and then a gentle murmur, seemed lulling itself to sleep. It was almost as light as day, and you see and distinguish every vessel around with their tall spars, rendered taller by the moonlight, almost tapering to the heavens. It was a scene congenial to my feelings, and I could have gazed at it all night, but they laughed at me, and I went to bed.

Wednesday, September 29th, 1841. The steward awoke me this morning, as there was about six inches of water in my cabin, the cistern which supplies my closet having overflowed; I suffered very little inconvenience from it as I soon had it baled and mopped out; but not so those below. for it had all gone through on to their beds. Several of the steerage passengers are sadly dissatisfied with their food, not with the quality but with the quantity. The surgeon, who has the management of them altogether, says it is

according to the instructions he received from the Company. I have seen them at their mess, and certainly there seems plenty of everything, and I should think by far the majority of them live a great deal better than ever they did before. We are perfectly satisfied in the cabin; we have hot joints every day and poultry, with soups and puddings and pies, and as much wine as we like at dinner, and port afterwards in a gentlemanly way, of course not to overstep the bounds of prudence, and we are all supposed to be too much "the gentlemen" for that.

Some appearance of storm again; taking down topmasts, and all confusion on board; wind still against us.

Thursday, September 30th, 1841. It was rather a rough night with occasional squalls, but nothing particular occurred. It was calmer again towards noon, and we sent our letters on shore by a pilot boat. Hope to get away to-morrow for the wind seems to be varying a little.

A regular clean out below, made all the people have their beds on deck to be purified, and this is to be done every week I understand; of course it only relates to the steerage passengers where they are so crowded; poor people, they present a most miserably, sickly and dirty appearance, and they seem to be (as well as all of us) heartily tired of this delay. Several fowls died from sickness during the night, and a pig was Wed to save its life. To-day we were treated with dessert (which is to be continued, I understand, twice a week), quite a luxury, and drank the healths of our absent friends.

Friday, October 1st 1841. The wind had changed a little this morning, and our captain was determined to make an effort at leaving, as well as most of the other ships. Wrote to my uncle and told him that we were off at last; but the attempt

was in vain, for after tacking about off Dover for several hours we were obliged to come back to our old quarters and anchor once more, and by 12 o'clock "all in the Downs the fleet lay moored." The *Fifeshire* and *Mary Anne* turned back before us, and we made a beautiful turn right round the stem of the former and took up our position alongside. In the afternoon, Mr. Patchett and myself had a boat an visited them both. It seems that the *Fifeshire* people were terribly alarmed, fearing that we should run them down, but it was quite groundless, when we came round her stern we were quite enough away from her to prevent any collision. I had a narrow escape coming off the *Mary Anne* there came on a squall, and I could not for the life of me get into the boat. Every time I got down near it jumped away from under me; the ropes by which I was swinging were very wet and there were no steps, so I could not get up again the vessel's side however, I clung tight and they got the boat under me at last, when I tumbled right to the bottom of, it, and before we got back to our ship rain came on and we got wet through.

Saturday, October 2nd. It is now one week since we left Gravesend, and being anxious to hear any, news we got one of the Deal pilot boats to bring us any newspaper they could get. They returned with a *Times* of a few days before, for which amongst us I believe, they got 2s. 6d., and grumbled too at that. It was most acceptable though. The morning was very fine, but the wind still dead against us. Amused, ourselves with shooting sea-gulls, which flocked around us in shoals; took a Deal pilot on board to take us fairly out of the Downs, perchance a favourable opportunity should occur.

At dinner our best hopes were realized, for it did occur, and at 5 o'clock the anchor was weighing, I hope for the last

time, till we arrive at Wellington. Well, her head was got round, most of her sails set, and with a fair wind we started round the *South Foreland*, and soon passed Dover again. I had often heard of its white cliffs, and I thought it was but figurative; but they are cliffs ranging an immense distance, about 300 feet in some places perpendicular from the sea, and as white *as chalk*. There did not seem to be any regret at leaving on board, but rather a feeling of gladness.

Sunday, October 3rd. We had a delightful night, and I slept as comfortably as I have ever done on shore, and Sabbath day dawned upon us at once varied and beautiful. The sun shone forth in its fullest splendour, a gentle breeze sprang up, and we were going gaily down the Channel at eight knots an hour. Everything seemed joyous around and betokened a Sabbath morn. The mates were all dressed in their best clothes, with their nice white trousers, and 'the sailors were all of them as clean as a penny. The emigrants all looked cheerful too, and were gaily attired. The ship also was all in order and so clean that you might have eaten your dinner off the deck. We, of course, were not behindhand, and when the bell rang for prayers at 11 o'clock, in regular church-going order, we altogether presented an appearance of order and regularity which would have put some of the people on shore to the blush. The captain read prayers to the cabin passengers in the cuddy, and the doctor to the steerage ones and the crew below; well, we had got on very well as far as the Litany, when a poor pig, which was very ill and had been suffered to roam about the deck for air, aware as it seems that its end was so near, quietly walked in amongst us, to assist at devotion; a suppressed giggle ran round as the pig was kicked from one to the other under the table, until Mr. Jenkins, considering I suppose the pig being there as

almost sacrilege, very quietly took it by the back of the neck, as you would a dog and carried it out. Here we could contain ourselves no longer, but burst out into laughter. So much for service on board. Passed Brighton, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight very closely; had a most beautiful dinner, and the captain treated us with a few bottles of champagne. If all could be judged of by to-day, going to sea would indeed be delightful.

Tuesday, October 5th. Yesterday we were tacking down the Channel, wind not so favourable. Passed the Eddystone lighthouse and Plymouth, but at too great a distance to see anything of them. In the afternoon we came near Falmouth, which we saw very plainly, and all the latter part of the day passed close to the coast of Cornwall. At night we came off the Lizard lights, the last point of land we see. All went on very pleasantly, and we prepared ourselves for the Bay of Biscay this morning, but the gale, which had been slowly increasing the early part of the evening, about midnight became a perfect hurricane, and we were driven back far away out of our course, finding ourselves next morning in the Bay of Falmouth. To sleep was perfectly out of the question with that confusion and awful noise; the waves tossing themselves almost mountains high, and every now and then one sea larger than another would sweep the decks, poop, and everything. I could neither sit nor stand, and it was with great difficulty I could keep myself in bed. Then the horrid noises, the deafening roar of the waters, the creaking of the vessel, and you would have thought every timber in her was coming to pieces; the shouting of men the crash of falling things, and the rolling about of your boxes, &c., in your cabins, which were not very securely fastened altogether it was most awful. At two o'clock there was a crash louder than the rest - the maintop

gallant mast and sail had gone overboard, and along with them a sailor from the bowsprit. He, however, managed to get hold of a rope, and was soon on board again. Oh! how I did wish for daylight, and when it did come it was comparatively calm. All the day all hands have been employed repairing damages; the wind is dead against us, and we are tacking about, first on the French coast and then off Cornwall. A great many are sick, but I have completely got over mine some days ago, which is a comfort certainly.

Wednesday, October 6th. Last night was not so bad as the preceding one, but it was very squally. For getting out of the Channel this is the very worst season of the year, and the navigation in it is a deal more dangerous with a lee shore than in the open sea. The *Mary Anne* and *Fifeshire* we have never seen since we all left the Downs together. During the night two boys fell from the spank boom, but they are not much hurt, I understand only severely bruised. Very few mustered at meals to-day, and those few not at all in an eating humour. This is very uncomfortable, for we can neither read nor write nor amuse ourselves in any manner with pleasure. During the night some stupid fool, for what he called a lark, went below during the squall, and told some women that we must inevitably go down altogether. It spread like wildfire round the ship, and amongst the women and children the utmost consternation prevailed, heightened, of course, by the tumultuous roaring of the wind and waters and the occasional seas sweeping the decks. Happily, however, there was not the least occasion for alarm, and the people were soon calmed. This, morning we endeavoured to trace the heartless wretch, but without effect.

Thursday, October 7th. Still off Falmouth. A perfect calm. *The Bland*, an East Indianian and a companion of ours in the Downs, is lying close to us so that we are not faring worse than our neighbour and she is a crack sailing vessel, and ours certainly has not the credit of that. At noon a pilot came to us from Falmouth, wanting us to put in there; the captain seemed irresolute and, I thought, half inclined to do so, but he was afraid of losing his men, and determined to remain in the Channel till a favourable breeze sprang up. Much, of course, to, our chagrin, as we should have enjoyed a night very much on shore and in England too, after being tossed about as we have been for the last fortnight. Luckily, however, that it was so, for towards evening a gentle gale sprang up in our favour, and we prepared to bid a last adieu to our native shore. We watched it becoming fainter and fainter with a last long aching gaze, until its dim outline was lost in approaching darkness, and even then I fancied that I saw it; however, we gazed at it still until the bell rang for tea. No one seemed in a talkative humour, but each was communing with his own thoughts, and mine, I must say, were far away. I did not feel the least regret though, for the hope of the future with me drives away all feeling of that kind. The Lizard lights were, however, in view until midnight, and as it was a calm evening, I opened my porthole, and could see them as I lay in bed. They are situated on a projecting headland in Cornwall. I was soon wearied, however, with staring at them, and bade good-night to Old England.

Friday, October 8th. Last night, towards the middle watch, it became boisterous, but the wind fair, and this morning we were sixty miles from land. It continued so all day, and in the evening we were told we were in the ever-dreaded Bay of Biscay, of which everybody has heard so much.

Today at dinner the captain started an idea that we should get up a newspaper for our amusement on board, to be published weekly, and that each should contribute his share for the amusement of the whole. We readily fell in with it, and Mr. Barnicoat and myself are appointed editors and scribes, for, of course, we have no press on board to print it, The first number is to appear next Wednesday under the title of the "Lord Auckland Journal." I daresay I shall be able to send you an original which I expect will be exceedingly rich.

Saturday, October 9th. A beautiful morning, calm and fair, but not making much progress. Saw the first porpoise. Several tried fishing, but could not catch anything. There is a great change in the people's appearance now that they are over their sea-sickness; they seem to have lost all stupid lethargy, and move about the deck once more like animated beings. In the evening was our usual party to drink "Sweethearts and Wives." The captain in the chair, we had quite a "free and easy" sort of affair, singing songs, making speeches, and drinking each other's healths. The captain, on returning thanks, mentioned "his perfect satisfaction with the ship, and the pleasure he felt at the unanimity which seemed to prevail amongst us, and that nothing should be wanting on his part to make us as comfortable as lay in his power." And here I would bear testimony to his uniform gentlemanly conduct, and his evident wishes for our happiness and comfort. All that he could possibly do I am sure he has done towards effecting it. Here I would contradict too the notion we had on shore, that anything in regard to dress is good enough for ship wear. It may be so with the steerage people, but it is not so with us, for at six bells (3 o'clock) it is expected that we dress for dinner, and at the table all meet in style. Two or

three of them neglected this at first, but the captain reminded them that he should expect it. So much for ship etiquette and Captain Jardine.

Sunday, October 10th. "As we lay, all that day, in the Bay of Biscay O!" It has been a most wretched day, the vessel rolling about most awfully, and with a head sea, and the wind quite against us; could not have service either above or below. The dinner presented a strange scene; everything that possibly could be was lashed down, and we were lashed to the tables. The first thing that went over was a tureen of soup, then a boiled leg of mutton quietly shyed itself off the dish on to the ground, after it went a decanter of sherry. Potatoes, roast and boiled, rolled about in all directions; but you cannot form any idea of the uproar amongst the eatables. Then the crashes at every roll of the vessel, and the breaking of glasses and earthenware was alarming. All took it, however, very good humouredly, and at every fresh mishap there was a fresh burst of laughter. I ate a most hearty dinner in the midst of it; afterwards I went to bed, for I could do nothing up. There is a most extraordinary effect upon the sea at night in a gale of wind. Each wave, as far as the eye can see is tipped with bright silver. It has a beautiful appearance, and the captain says it is so strong sometimes that you may see to read by the light it throws. No one on board, however, seems to know correctly the cause of it. One says, it is the animalculæ in the sea, and another that it, is some phosphoric effect. Perhaps some of you can define it.

Friday, October 15th. Since Sunday no material change has occurred in our position, nor scarcely anything worth relating. The wind has continued, against us, and we have been buffeted about in this cruel Bay ever since. On

Tuesday a schooner passed homeward bound, also a steamer, but not within hail. It was supposed to be from Malta. On Wednesday the paper was published as expected and produced great fun, but as you will see the original I will not give any further account of it. We have amused ourselves as best we could in the cuddy, for it is too rough to be on the poop. Eating and drinking has formed the largest item of our amusements though. To-day we are not far from the coast of Spain. If we could only round Cape Finisterre we should be all right, and soon off Madeira.

Saturday, October 16th. Last night the joyful news came that the wind had gone round to N.W., and that we should soon bid adieu to the "Bay"; but this morning there was very little of it, and, of course, have made but little progress. A flock of birds seems to be following us this morning. They are the stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's Chickens. They will not come near enough though to shoot. As usual, in the evening we had a merry meeting in the cuddy, drinking "Sweethearts and Wives," "Absent friends," &c., but

"The standing toast that pleased the most
Was the wind that blows and the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

Altogether it was the most spirited and joyous evening I have ever spent.

Sunday, October 17th, and the fourth of our voyage. Last night we made great progress and expected we were nearing the land on the N.W. coast of Spain, and at 12 at night put about and stood out to sea for four hours. At 4 this morning bore up again for the land, and about

10 o'clock it was discovered on our larboard quarter. It proved to be the bold heights of Corunna, where the gallant Moore lost his life in the moment of victory, and was an object of great interest to all of us. All day we skirted the shore at a distance of about ten miles (although on the sea you would not have fancied it more than two), with a fair breeze, making nearly eight knots an hour. All sail was hoisted, and in addition to our usual ones, royals and skysails, so many tapering one above the other, that you can scarcely see the top of them. Besides all these were studding sails which are occasionally used, and spread themselves out over the vessel like so many wings, far away into the sea. This immense weight of canvas causes a great deal of motion though, we are all accustomed to it now, and do not care about it. Then it is so graceful to see the good ship first mounting high upon the waves, and the dipping until her bows are baptized in the surge; not like the awful rolling we have had in the horrid Bay of Biscay for the last week. I remained on the poop most of the day, for it was beautifully fine, and the porpoises playing about in shoals. It was a scene altogether possessing great interest, and I was highly delighted. At 11 we had service as usual, and the captain read a sermon. It was attended by all the crew, so that we had the cuddy almost full. The doctor officiated below to the emigrants, and all was conducted with great decorum. We had a sumptuous dinner of fish, flesh, and fowl, with champagne, and all "went merry as a marriage bell." Afterwards we smoked our tobacco on the poop and laughed and talked away the evening.

Monday, October 18th. Last night at 12 o'clock we rounded Cape Finisterre, and this morning had entirely lost sight of land. The wind has been fair all day from the N. E.,

and we have made great progress. The health of the ship remains very good; all are well except a few children, and they nothing more than slight ailments incidental to childhood. The thermometer for the last two days has stood at 64 degrees.

Tuesday, October 19th. The same as yesterday. If this continues we shall be at Madeira about Friday. At 12 o'clock it was found that we had sailed 174 miles since the same time yesterday. The editors (that is Mr. Barnicoat and myself) have been busy all day preparing their to-morrow's newspaper.

Wednesday, October 20th. Wind still the same, but not so much Of it about six knots an hour, but at that rate we get over a deal of water, when it is considered that we go night and day the same and no stoppages like land travelling. It has been a day of peculiar interest, the weather most beautiful and much warmer than we have had it before, the thermometer in the shade at 68°. Dolphins, porpoises, and a large handsome fish called the albacore, playing about in shoals. Some were fishing in the morning with a line, and some tried their hands at throwing the harpoon, but all I believe without success.

After breakfast our newspaper was published, and all seemed pleased with its highly respectable appearance and the matter it contained. The captain paid us a high compliment, saying it is by far the best thing of the kind he has ever seen. I need scarcely say that though professing to come from various correspondents, yet most of the articles were written by Mr. Barnicoat and myself. To-day the hold was opened for the first time, and the deck has presented a scene rich in the extreme and worthy of the pencil of Cruikshank, everybody having their boxes up and getting

their necessaries out for the next month's voyage. The heterogeneous mass of boxes of all shapes and sizes and forms, the eagerness of the men, women, and children, packing and unpacking; but you can form no conception of it, nor can I describe it. It must be seen to be appreciated. One of our passengers tried to sketch it, and he is a bold sketcher too, but he could not give effect to it. I remarked, I believe on Monday, about the health of the ship; little did I think I should so soon have to change my story, for to-day at noon we had a death on board, which is at all times awful, but at sea rendered doubly so. He was a fine boy, four years of age, son of a respectable family amongst the emigrants of the name of Miles. It seems that he has been poorly for a few days, but nothing serious was apprehended until last night he had a fit, and never rallied after, but expired to-day at 2 o'clock. At sunset the bell rang for the funeral, and all hands mustered on the quarter-deck. The most perfect order and decorum prevailed. A scuttle was then opened on the larboard side, and one of the cones of the main hatchway laid almost halfway through, it and covered all over with a large Union Jack. The body was then brought from below by two sailors nicely dressed for the occasion, and laid upon the Union Jack. It was, of course, tightly sewed in canvas, with lead attached, but no coffin. We all grouped around, forming a dense mass of eager faces, for it was new to all of us, and all seemed struck with its strange and peculiar solemnity. The sailors too hung from the shrouds above us with looks of interest in their rough faces. The sun was just setting in great splendour, far more so than I have ever seen it on shore, and as it threw its golden rays on the calm waves of the ocean in a broad stream of almost ruby red upon the larboard side of the vessel, the service began, the captain officiating, assisted by the doctor. "Man that is born of

woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery; he cometh up and is cut down like a flower"; and at the proper time the body was slid through the scuttle into that glorious stream of sunshine, which seemed to fold it in an embrace, and then its rays grew fainter and fainter, and in a few minutes the orb of day had finally set, leaving us to finish the remainder of the service in almost darkness. For about an hour after the people were formed in groups upon the deck, talking over the event, and then all settled into their usual way, and at night you heard singing and the merry laugh went round as if nothing of the kind had occurred.

I forgot to state that last night a meeting of the cabin passengers was held in the cuddy for the formation of a debating society; rules and regulations were agreed upon, and Mr. Otterson opens the ball next Monday night with the question of "Were the Americans justified in throwing off the allegiance of the Parent State?" when, of course, we all come out with our oratorical powers.

Thursday, October 21st. This afternoon the wind changed a few points and fixed itself at S.S.E., so that as our course is due west, we have it on the larboard quarter. It has made no difference in our sailing, as we are still going from six to seven knots an hour. It is really most delightful sailing now, and amply making amends for our stormy commencement, and every day brings us into a more genial climate, and at the time I am writing I dare say you have cold biting winds, whilst we are basking in a glorious sunshine, like one of your days in June and we shall have it hotter of course as we approach nearer to the line. But the evenings are delightful, such refreshing breezes from the S.E. that makes one out of love with our own cold clime. In the evening Mr. Graham, one of our passengers, gave us

a treat to celebrate his birthday, and a merry meeting we had. We sang old songs, talked of oldtimes, and drank the healths of old absent friends. So that you see what with one thing and what with another we manage to pass our time very pleasantly; neither does it hang heavy upon our hands, for really at the present time I have more to do than I can possibly get through. Again I would bear testimony to the perfect harmony which prevails amongst us, and the kindly feeling each one betrays for the comfort and amusement of the whole, very different to what I have heard is the case on most ships. I can only attribute it to the gentlemanly conduct and example of the captain, and that it will continue to the end of the voyage there does not seem to be the least apprehension.

Friday, October 22nd. Wind the same as yesterday. This morning a homeward-bound ship hove in sight to windward, but at too great a distance to hail. In the evening we were about eighty miles from the island of Madeira. I wish we may be near enough in the morning to get a view of it, but it is not the captain's intention to cast anchor there.

Saturday, October 23rd. This morning at day-break we were off Madeira, but at too great a distance to distinguish anything more than a faint outline of land. We all of us regretted it exceedingly, for the sight of a few green leaves would have been most agreeable, for since last Sunday night there has been nothing (except one solitary ship) to relieve the eye on this wide world of waters. I amused myself this morning with looking over all my letters; some of them are of several years' date that I have cherished with great care from friends whom I highly value; and a great many of them are of late date from dear and loved

ones. I am so glad that I preserved them all, as they quite refresh my memory, and serve to bring to recollection (if I needed that, but which I hope I never shall) those who once loved me, and for whom I shall retain the highest regard. They will be a solace too in many a weary hour when the heart yearns for its home. But a truce to this, or I shall be writing sentiment next. In the evening was our usual Saturday evening merry-making, and right merrily we kept it up. Wind the same, but very light.

Sunday, October 24th. This is our fifth Sunday on board. The wind the same, but there is so little it that we are not going more than two miles hour. The sea is as calm as a mirror; there scarcely a ripple upon its surface, and the sun's rays make it sparkle like gold. It is beginning be very hot, and we are all in our white dresses and with our straw hats look like anything but like a lot of Englishmen. We were agreeably surprised this morning by an awning extending from the main to the mizen masts and completely protect the deck from the fierce rays of the sun. It is all very well, or we should soon have been so tanned that it would have been impossible to have told whether we came from a northern or a southern clime. Under this awning was a most picturesque and interesting sight: at 11 o'clock all of us assembled for divine worship. The capstan, covered with a large Union jack in the centre, served for reading desk. The cabin passengers and officers of the ship were seated around it on chairs, whilst in front the steerage passengers and the sailors were, seated upon the hencoops, arranged in rows and covered with flags to hide their appearance. All listened attentively whilst the captain read the beautiful service of the Church of England, and an appropriate sermon afterwards, and the utmost, decorum prevailed. It was one of the most striking

and interesting scenes I have ever seen: 200 people sending up their devotions to the Most High from the wide ocean, the strange picturesque appearance of the people, the calmness of the day, the delicious climate, and the sun shining down upon us so gloriously, made an impression upon my mind it would be difficult to forget. The latter part of the day was spent as usual, eating and drinking, I think, forming the greatest item in it. I am afraid we shall take but poorly to our salt pork in New Zealand after the sumptuous dinners we have on board. By far the greatest inconvenience we have is the want of fresh water; we have only a pint each day allowed us for washing and everything, and that stinks so that to drink any is out of the question. I have a string to my jug and so send it out of the porthole, and have a good souse in salt water. It is better than a thimble full of the other, only that you cannot wash clean, and it leaves an unpleasant roughness on the skin, even with the much talked of Marine soap. When we left Gravesend we had 95 tons of fresh water; each ton, I think, they say contains 247 gallons; but then there are so many of us, and so much is used in cooking, besides in case of emergency it is expected to last us the whole of the voyage, although we expect to call somewhere about the Cape of Good Hope for a fresh supply; Yet it cannot be depended upon.

There seems to be a strange opinion on board with regard to the natives of New Zealand and our treatment of them. One says that he will not go out without a gun over his arm, and another without a brace of pistols in his pocket, and that they will not scruple to use them. Now this seems to me the very, worst principle. The natives must be either our *friends* or our *foes*, and that they had much better be the former no one is prepared to deny, but this can only be by kindness and confidence our part, not viewing them as

our foes, but as our friends; not as slaves, but on a par with our own labouring population; not treating them with jealousy or distrust, apprehension or alarm, but with *openness, candour* and *boldness*. If force is used on their part, then and then only would I repel it with force, and not even then until every argument which reason and sophistry suggested been used in vain, then only would I resort to the argument of the bullet. One single individual of one hot-headed fellow may make them all our direst foes; and if they are treacherous, as so say, why unkindness and *coercion* will not n them less so, but rather, I opine, the reverse. These are my views, and I shall prepare an article for our *Journal* advocating them.

Monday, October 25th, 1841. Last night another child died, seven months old. It was committed to the deep about half-an-hour afterwards. This morning at daybreak land was cried on our larboard quarter. Soon all were on the deck to stare at which proved to be the Island of Palma, one of the Canaries. All day it was in sight, but we never approached nearer than about twenty-five miles, so that we could not see much of it. Wind still continues the same, but very light, so that we progress very slowly. We are annoyed with nasty things called cockroaches, something like blackbeetles, with which the ship swarms. Below they say that they eat the edge of their razors off. This must be a stretcher I think; but of this I am sure, that they eat our toe-nails off as we lie in bed. However, they say their presence drives away all vermin besides. In the evening the first meeting of the Debating Society took place: "Were the Americans justified in throwing off the allegiance of the Parent State." Mr. Otterson argued that they were not. Mr. Patchett followed on the other side that they were, and after all of us had delivered our sentiments

it was carried that they were. It was a very interesting affair, and all spoke exceedingly well. Afterwards I remained on the poop with the captain, surgeon, and two others until midnight.

Tuesday, October 26th. To-day we passed another of the Canary Islands called *Ferro*. Its aspect from the sea is most striking, bold, rocky, and precipitous, its summit lost in the clouds. This morning another child died about eighteen months old. It was buried at noon. A boy tolled the bell, and it seems he did it too fast for the second mate, who gave him a kick and a "Damn you, don't- you know we are going to a funeral and not to a wedding." The boy rang slower afterwards. I was standing with others near, not at all in a lively mood, but when we saw the peculiar manner in which the tone of the bell was altered it was impossible to avoid laughter.

Wednesday, October 27th. This morning the number of our paper was published, and is with increasing interest. Every one seems to getting a copy for themselves. The wind still N. but there is a little more of it, so that we are gressing about six knots an hour; from the log can see our progress every day, as well as our increasing heat; but there is a breeze on the water which renders it not at all oppressive, besides are protected from the sun by the awning.

Thursday, October 28th. Last night the wind freshened, and we have been going on since at a spanking rate. To-day at noon we entered the tropics, lat. 23.30, and we have N.E. Trade winds, which will carry us across the line in about ten days. To-night Mr. Patchett, at a second meeting of the Debating Society, brought forward the

question “Is colonization beneficial to the Mother County?” and strange to say we decided, by a majority of that it *was not*. The debate, which lasted two hours was conducted very spiritedly on both sides. I did not speak on the occasion, for I have so much else to do that I had not time to give it consideration study sufficient to express my thoughts. My editorial duties take up a deal of time, for Mr. Barnicoat and myself have to do almost all the writing for the paper, besides my own writing and reading. Then I have a subject to bring forward myself in turn for debate, and that comes on in about ten days, and, of course, I must study it well. Then the captain has got up some “private theatricals,” and I have to take part in them, so that I have not time for anything else without neglecting my own duties. Below is one of the play bills; a curiosity certainly. It will be a most farcical affair, but the captain seems bent upon it.

Shortly will be Performed Mrs. Inchbald's Comedy, in two acts, of THE WEDDING DAY. Characters by passengers on board the " Lord Auckland."

Lord Rashland Captain Jardine.

Mr. Contest Mr. Lidbetter (Surgeon).

Mr. Milder Mr. Patchett.

Sir Adair Contest Mr. Fell.

Mrs. Stannard Mr. Thompson.

Hannah Mr. Graham.

Friday, October 29th. The same as yesterday; going very well, monotonous.

Saturday, October 30th. The same. Five weeks to-day since we left Gravesend.

Sunday, October 31st. The heat is becoming excessive. Service was performed as last Sunday on the quarter-deck, the awning protecting us from the sun. Afterwards we amused ourselves with the flying fish darting out of the sea in shoals of hundreds all round the vessel, like flocks of birds. They are a beautifully formed fish, about ten inches long, and with wings that will carry them a great distance. This, of course (as the most trifling thing breaking upon the monotony of the voyage will do), afforded infinite amusement. We had an excellent dinner: a salmon preserved and as fine as ever I tasted, soup (and sailors make capital soups), a roast goose, a saddle of mutton, a couple of fowls, with curry and a Westphalia ham, plum pudding and apple tarts, cheese and bottled porter, champagne and sherry, with dessert consisting of apples, nuts almonds, raisins, &c. We had some capital port. The officers of the ship dined with us (altogether twenty-two of us), and a really elegant affair it was. Afterwards we smoked and told yarns till midnight on the poop. It seems there is a Methodist amongst the emigrants, and this afternoon he got all the women and children seated on the deck around him, and they commenced singing hymns. I enjoyed it: exceedingly, for they really sang very well several old familiar tunes that reminded me of happy days gone by. It seems, however, the captain does not like it, and they are not to be repeated; for what reason I know not, except that they did not ask his leave first. To me it seemed a most rational way of amusing themselves on a Sunday. There are one or two of our fellow-passengers who will go amongst the emigrants and make themselves familiar with them. The captain is very much annoyed at it, as it tends to lower our dignity by familiarity, and, of course lower the dignity of the ship. One of them absented himself from our meeting on last evening, and was found

amongst them. The captain felt himself insulted at his preferring their society to ours, particularly at our weekly festival. We passed a vote of censure upon him immediately, and this morning he apologised. But if such a thing repeated he will certainly be sent to Coventry by all of us. It is very foolish of them, as we have no business to come in contact with them at all, living in different parts of the ship. I have never spoken to one of them yet.

Monday, November 1st. This morning the heat was awful, and several of our passengers suffered much from it. Towards noon we passed the Cape Verde Islands, leaving them on our starboard side, but at too great a distance to see them. At 2 o'clock one of those sudden squalls, peculiar to these latitudes, came on, and in a few minutes, from sunshine and not a cloud in the sky, all was changed into darkness almost like midnight. There was just time to get all the people below, to haul down studsails, royals and skysails, and to reef topsails, for fear of their being carried away. It was but the work of a few minutes, and I never could have supposed those few minutes could have provoked such a metamorphosis in the appearance of everything. I had a fancy to see it, as well as to get a ducking, a rather favourite amusement of mine. So, with a pair of dirty trousers, light jacket, and slippers on (nothing else), I went on the poop. It was a most exciting scene as we neared the squall; the vessel came on her beams, the angry waves tossing high their white foam at being disturbed from their quiet. All was ready, and every man stood at his rope for the next order, the captain, shouting in a voice of thunder: "Meet her, meet her, not a hair from her course, or I'll stop your grog for a month," to the men at the wheel; another order, and some of them are clambering up to the very topmast. So it came, and such a rain, you

can form no idea of it in England. I had to hold fast by the ropes or it would have knocked me. However, I had a capital shower bath, and was most agreeable. A very amusing part of the affair was to see the people attempt to catch water. All sorts of vessels were brought into requisition, and every exertion was made by everybody to get a little of the valuable liquid, for the ship's water stinks shockingly. It passed over in a few minutes, the sun broke out again, and in a quarter of an hour all was just the same as it was before the squall came on. In the midst of it were several canary coloured butterflies and small birds which had been, carried away with it from the African coast need scarcely say that the sight of them was a most agreeable relief. Just after dinner another squall came on, but not so violent as the former.

Tuesday, November 2nd. This morning a vessel was in sight a long way ahead of us. We put out flags to speak to her, and she replied, but we could not make her flags out. All the morning, however, we were overtaking her fast, and at 5 o'clock we were alongside of her. A conversation then took place through speaking trumpets, our captain commencing with "What's your name?" "The Burley." "Where are you from?" "Liverpool, twenty-eight days." "Where are you going?" "To Sydney direct." "Have you seen the *Fifeshire* or *Mary Anne*?" "No." "We are the *Lord Auckland*, for New Zealand, from Falmouth, twenty-two days. Will you report us if you meet any homeward-bound vessels?" "Yes; do the same with me." They then very politely took their caps off to each other and we passed on, and soon left them far behind.

Wednesday, November 3rd. We have now got into very variable winds, at one hour going on pretty well with a

good breeze, the next completely becalmed. We had two or three squalls again to-day. Mr. Sclanders reported this afternoon having seen a whale, but as no one else could, and they are very unusual in these latitudes, we all agreed that his story was very like a "whale" indeed. Our newspaper was published this morning, and increases in interest.

Thursday, November 4th. I got up at 6 o'clock this morning and had a bath. We stand naked on a beam outside the vessel holding tight by the ropes, and the sailors throw buckets of water over us. It is most delightful and refreshing. With a table of latitude and longitude, if you examine your map, you may trace our course all down the coast of Africa. To-day we are about 150 miles from Cape Coast Castle, Ashantee, and Sierra Leone. We expect to cross the line about Monday or Tuesday. The thermometer this morning in the shade, 83°. We are all busy preparing our letters expecting an opportunity of sending home some-where about the line. In the evening our discussion took place, Mr. Thompson opening the question of "Is the education of the working classes beneficial to the general interests of the community?" but the subject took such a wide scope that we could come to no conclusion. It was therefore postponed at a late hour until next Thursday evening. I am minute on these points, but I would give you a faithful report of how our time is passed on board. I need scarcely say that as a good "Tory." I gave my opinion against education. Mr. Patchett is a regular Radical.

Friday, November 5th. I wish we were out of the tropics, for the heat is terrible. Last night I slept quite naked on the bed, and it is fixed right under the porthole, which is wide

open all night. In England, at the very height of summer, such a thing would kill one. All agree that mine is the best cabin, and the best situated of any in the ship (I would not be down below for a trifle), mine being situated to windward in an outward-bound passage; homeward-bound the other side would be preferable. One thing I forgot was a piece of carpet for the cabin floor. It would have made it much more comfortable. My bed place is by far the best kind, opener and cooler than a cot or a hammock, or anything else, but it is much too wide, being nearly 3 ft. The consequence is that with every motion of the vessel I am rolling about from one side to the other; but had it been made just wide enough for my body, say 18 inches, I should not have half the rolling. Now I feel the necessity of having a large supply of linen. In this climate you ought (to be the least comfortable) to have a shirt, towel, &c., for every day, and no one ought to undertake a voyage of this length without at least 8 dozen shirts. Next to fresh water it is the greatest luxury you can possibly have in the tropics on board ship. The most serious consequences arise now from going in the sun for a moment without a large hat. The sun catches the forehead in an instant and produces most excruciating pains. One of our passengers had a slight stroke yesterday, and he has suffered much in the head ever since, but is a little better this morning. The captain relates instances of madness, and people being struck dead by its influence. One of our passengers of the name of Moon, a clerk going to the Bank at Nelson, is a most amusing fellow, and he has kept us on the poop all morning in a roar of laughter. At 12 o'clock we were running 8 knots an hour, and since the same time yesterday we have made 130 miles; almost unprecedented with variable winds and so near the equator. The captain thinks to-day we have got into the S. E. Trade winds. If so, they will carry us right

away round the Cape of Good Hope without once deviating from our course. I am afraid you will scarcely make this out, some of you, but on board ship is the most difficult place to write, constantly rolling about so. There does not happen to be a barber on board, so we cut each other's hair. I had mine done to-day in a most elegant form, and in return I operated upon him who cut mine. I am afraid I shall not be able to get one of our newspapers copied as a sample, but I will try; if not, at the end of the voyage half the originals will be mine as part editor. I will send them first opportunity, and they will be far more interesting to you than copies. The captain has got copies of the four already published to send to England, I believe, for the New Zealand Company. If so, you will see something of them in the New Zealand journal. Most of my friends will know my compositions by the style. In the evening the debate of last night was agreed to be resumed, but it took such a confused tone that we came to no conclusion.

Saturday, November 6th. This morning we had a birth on board, a Mrs. Calman, wife of a labourer. It is, they say, a very fine boy. We have been disputing what parish the ocean child belongs to, but have come to no conclusion. The wind has been changing about from N.E. to S.E., and we have not made much progress. In the evening was our usual merry meeting, and very much we enjoyed ourselves although one of them did faint away with the heat: and one of our passengers too, I am sorry to say (Mr. Greenhow), got tipsy and made a sad fool of himself. Afterwards, not at all inclined for bed, I remained on the quarter-deck till 2 o'clock next morning talking to the captain. About 1 o'clock a most ludicrous affair occurred. Two of our passengers Mr. and Mrs. Otterson, are very nervous, and they fancied they heard the captain cry out "call all hands

to clear the wreck," so out he came in his shirt frightened out of his senses. The captain and I were the only two on the deck (one of the mates is ill and the captain has to keep his watch), and all was as still and calm as possible. He was evidently ashamed of his fears and slunk off to bed again immediately. The lightning was most tremendous, lighting at intervals the whole heavens, peculiar to the tropics. Six weeks to-day since we left Gravesend.

Sunday, November 7th. Our seventh Sunday on board. This morning was a very heavy rain, and it has made it much cooler. Service was obliged to be performed in the cuddy, with as many of the emigrants crammed in as we could. Made about one degree south since yesterday. The captain had intended, if the wind had allowed, crossing the line at about 20 longitude; but it will be impossible now, more likely 23, and nearer the S. American coast. In the afternoon a vessel was in sight across our bows; colours were hoisted, and in reply she showed the Flag of France, and soon she bore far away to the east, and by 6 o'clock was out of sight. We had hoped that it was a homeward-bound one, and in that expectation got all our letters ready. Judge of the disappointment. Again during the day there has been fine fun in our eagerness to catch water, pots and pans being set out in all directions to catch the tempting rain, and we succeeded pretty well. The ship's water is most horrid; stinks abominably.

Monday, November 8th. This morning spoke the *Sydney*, of Greenock, for Launceston. She was one of our companions in the Downs and a very fine vessel, so that we are not behind our neighbours. It has been an almost perfect calm all day, and blazing hot.

Tuesday, November 9th. This has been quite a red-letter day in our calendar, an agreeable break to the monotony of the voyage. At daylight a sail was seen far ahead of us. We signalled her, but could not make out her reply. Towards noon we came a little nearer, and the fancy that it was the *Mary Anne* became a certainty. The captain offered to bet anything that it was. Soon we discovered with the glass that they had launched a boat and were making towards us at a distance of about seven miles. Nearer and nearer they came for about an hour, till their little boat hove alongside, but they were all strange faces. Of course they were all invited on board, and we stared at them as if they were wild beasts, but even a strange face to look upon is most cheering. It was the *Hope*, of and from Liverpool, Captain McLauchlan, with about 300 emigrants (chiefly Irish) and twelve cabin passengers, bound for Sydney. Our visitors were the captain, surgeon, and Mr. Hardy, a young gentleman from Sheffield. They are out from Liverpool thirty days, and have news up to the 10th of October, more than a fortnight later than ours, which was most acceptable - the prorogation of Parliament, the death of Lord Sydenham in Canada, and the conclusion of the war in China, home news, &c. We gossiped with them till 4 o'clock, dinner time, when they dined with us, and a boat was sent for their Catholic priest to come and christen our new baby, as its parents are Catholic. Soon he came, and most original he was, McAll by name, and a real and undoubted Irishman. In the evening they left us, giving them three hearty cheers, which they with their boat's crew returned, and then swiftly glided on the calm surface of the water. We arranged with them to return the visit in the morning if practicable, and as the boat will only contain five of us, drew lots who were to have the privilege. It fell to my lot as one. Mr. Barnicoat has been unwell, and I have

had to get the paper ready by myself, compelled to sit up until midnight writing, then went on the poop for a little fresh air before turning in, and had a cigar and a glass with the doctor. This brought it to 2 o'clock before I got to bed. I forgot to state that we had a chase after a spider a few nights ago down below in Moon's cabin. After a desperate struggle of nearly two hours it was caught at last, and, without exaggeration, it will certainly cover the top of a breakfast cup; a perfect monster. It is to adorn the Museum of Natural Curiosities at Nelson.

Wednesday, November 10th. It is impossible to pay our visit to the *Hope*. The distance is too great and the weather squally. This morning was a scene from Nicholas Nickleby on the deck. The doctor's assistant had a bowl of treacle and brimstone, and gave a spoonful to each child. Those who did not like it and objected, were thrashed into it, and at last every one of them, big and little, had a taste. The scene was rich in the extreme. Our journal was published this morning with a supplement containing yesterday's proceedings.

Four o'clock. Two homeward-bound ships are in sight, and, if possible, we are to board one of them to take our letters. Latitude north of the line $3^{\circ} 36'$, longitude $22^{\circ} 6'$. We shall cross the line in a day or two. All are well, and we are as comfortable as possible. Good-bye all of you, the boat is being lowered .- ALFRED FELL.

Thursday, November 11th. We were most grievously disappointed last night. The ships were like ourselves, outward, instead of homeward bound. They were only tacking about to get a favourable breeze. A sad disappointment, as most of our letters were sealed up, so sure was the captain that we could send them. In the

evening two or three of us smoked a pipe upon the poop, talking of old friends and old reminiscences of our beloved land, until two bells of the middle watch, that is i o'clock this morning. In these latitudes it is only pleasant on deck at these late hours. I have been busy the whole of this day taking notes and otherwise preparing myself, as it is my turn to open the discussion at the Debating Society to-night. This was my first attempt at public speaking, and I was rather nervous about it; however, I got on better than I expected. The question was: "Is the consumption of tobacco to be considered as a national evil?" I, of course, argued that it was not, my opening speech occupying about a quarter of an hour. I was supported in very able speeches by Mr. Otterson, Mr. Graham, Mr. Moon, &c., and opposed by Captain Jardine, Mr. Patchett, Mr. Barnicoat and Mr. Jenkins. I then replied to them all, and on a division of the members I lost by a majority of one. It was a very interesting debate and conducted with great spirit.

Friday, November 12th. To-day at 12 o'clock we were only 1° 23 north of the line, but the wind is so baffling that we made but little progress, and driving us far away west near the Brazilian coast. In the evening we tacked and stood east.

Saturday, November 13th. Nothing occurred worth notice until evening, when we had a regular row. There is a young woman on board amongst the single emigrants, of the name of Harper, who is subject to hysterics. She is courted by a young man likewise on board, and I understand on arrival they are to be married. Well, just at the conclusion of our Saturday night's merry-making, about 11 o'clock and during the singing of "God save the Queen," she began screaming most awfully. The doctor left us immediately

and went to her assistance. In a few minutes the most horrible shouts came from below up the main hatchway. The captain and all the rest of us flew to the spot. On looking down was a scene baffling all description. Sailors, emigrants, men and women, some of them in their night clothes, all fighting together, and shouting, cursing, swearing and screaming in a general mass. A confused crowd too had gathered upon the quarter-deck. "Officers," shouted the captain, "do your duty; clear the decks, forward before the mast every soul of you, sailors, emigrants and all," and the quarter-deck was clear in an instant except ourselves. Then he threw himself down upon the mass of people below, clearing all before him, and soon some little order was restored, and we began to know the cause of it. It seems that the doctor did something to the girl Harper to restore her, which her sweetheart thought harsh, and flew at him like a tiger. Some defended the doctor, and the others the contrary, and thus an affair began which might have been attended by the most fearful consequences, as the crew were evidently inclined to take the part of the rebellious emigrants, one of them boldly refusing to put the man in irons who first began the fray, and thus mutiny and a struggle might have taken place. Happily, however, by firmness it was suppressed. The girl still kept up the game of screaming, and soon another began to imitate her, but by the gentle persuasion of a bucket or two of salt water she was soon brought to her senses. How long Miss Harper kept it up I don't know, but at 2 o'clock I went to sleep and she was screaming then.

Sunday, November 14th. All of last night is forgotten. The young man has expressed his regret and sorrow for the part he took in the row and his willingness to undergo any punishment on that account, and all assembled again at

Church as if nothing had happened to disturb the general quiet. It being a fine morning service was held as usual upon the quarter-deck, and all were attentive and decorous. At 8 p.m. we passed from the northern to the southern hemisphere, with a light breeze from the S.E. This crossing the line is quite an epoch in our existence, and we have looked forward to it for several days. The sailors had made great preparations to celebrate the event by a visit from Father Neptune to congratulate his children and shave them, but the ridiculous mummary was peremptorily put aside by the captain. The weather has been very changeable all day, sometimes fine and then directly after heavy squalls. A shark was seen hovering about across the bows, but we could not catch it.

Monday, November 15th. This morning a subscription was made for the crew, as usual, on crossing the line; the whole of us gave 7s. each, amounting to five guineas. I certainly did not see the necessity of it, but I could not be an exception to the general rule. All the morning I was busy getting the newspaper ready; after dinner we played at chess upon the poop. I have learnt it since I came on board, and it is a most delightful game. Cards I have never once seen introduced, nor have I ever seen anyone playing at any game for money. It is now about 7 o'clock. After tea, which is about time, we gossip the night away upon the poop. The weather is not so oppressively hot as it was.

Tuesday , November 16th. This morning we went about ship, so that my cabin is on the lee side now, and not half so pleasant. I went to bed very early with a bad head-ache. To-day the hold was opened for the second time.

Wednesday, November 17th. During the night we had gone round again upon our original tack, so that on waking this morning I had the pleasure to find myself again on the weather side of the vessel and the gentle south breeze blowing in at my porthole. The newspaper published this morning

Thursday, November 18th. Five o'clock, morning. A vessel is in sight, and there seems to be no mistake about her being homeward bound. Again I seal my letters. I cannot exactly learn our situation, but we are about four days south of the equator. Once again, all of ye, farewell.
ALFRED FELL.

Longitude 31. - It is most mortifying; again are we disappointed? The strange sail would not have anything to do with us. She had a small schooner in tow, and apparently bearing up for the West Indies. Captain Jardine thought that she was a brig-of-war, and her small companion a slaver which she had captured. If so, it would have been a good opportunity to send letters home via the W. Indies. However, she declined all intercourse, and soon bore far away from us. In the evening was our Debating Society. Captain Jardine opened the question of "Was the British Government justified in going to war with China?" I supported his views that they were justified. Mr. Patchett led, the Radical party in opposition, but it was carried in the affirmative by a majority of three. A large splendid looking bird was caught this morning alive upon the yards. They call it a booby. Its wings, when spread out, are about four feet from tip to tip. It had been noticed as a companion several days hovering about the vessel.

Friday, November 19th. A birth last night: Mrs. Hart, of a son; this is the second. About 10 o'clock a barque, which had been making up to us on our weather side all the morning, showed evident signs of a desire to speak with us. The Standard of England soon floated gaily in the sun shine from our mizen mast, and in reply they shewed the Stripes and Stars of the United States. Our sails were put aback and we waited for her approach. She was a beautiful small tight-looking vessel, about 250 tons, with an immense cloud of canvas, which seemed far too heavy for her little hull. Soon she came across our stem and a conversation took place. It seems they could not make out their longitude, which was the cause of their anxiety to speak us. It was the *Ohio* from Philadelphia, October 4th, bound to Monte Video with a cargo of flour. It was immediately suggested that we should send some letters by her, although roundabout way; but another opportunity not occur until we reach New Zealand. Many, declined it altogether from the risk of their ever, reaching their destination, and the long time it, would be; at any rate it will be twenty days before the *Ohio* reaches Monte Video, and then they must wait the chances of a vessel for England in that far-off port. Of course, I could not think of sending my packet of letters that way, so merely sent one I had ready for my uncle, announcing our safety and progress. The captain went on board with them and brought back with him a lot of American newspapers, which highly amused us. All sail was again crowded, and we soon lost sight of them. It was a most agreeable break in our day's monotony.

Saturday, November 20th. Eight weeks to-day since we left Gravesend. A brig in sight. She has shewn Spanish colours, and apparently bound to some of the South American

Republics. We are in the N.E. Trade winds and are going most gaily, dancing over the waters at a good pace; the weather is beautifully fine, and all seems joy and gladness around. The sky is a deep blue, and so is the water, and each wave edged with silver. If all going to sea were like this at present, it would be delightful indeed; but we have not forgotten the horrors of the first month of our voyage.

Sunday, November 21st. A most beautiful morning, and we are making rapid progress, the *Lord Auckland* fully reclaiming her character of being a slow sailor. Royals and studsails are set, and gracefully is her huge hull bending beneath a swell of canvas; the breeze which we have (although the thermometer is at 81 in the shade) renders the heat not at all oppressive. Service was performed as usual on the quarter-deck, and we had a larger congregation than ever we had before. We gossiped on the poop till 4 o'clock dinner, and then enjoyed ourselves famously. He certainly does give us some most capital dinners, with as much wine, both with it and at dessert, as we like. On Sundays, in addition, we are always treated with champagne. I am afraid after this we shall take but poorly to the pork and potatoes of New Zealand.

Monday, November 22nd. I have been busy all the morning preparing the journal. My mornings, from breakfast to lunch, I invariably devote to writing and reading in private. Still we are making rapid progress. In the evening, Mr. Patchett and Mr. Greenhow undertook, for a trifling wager, a most Herculean task against time. They are to multiply nine by its continued product nine times in six hours. They are both confident of success, but I do not think there is the slightest chance of their succeeding. We almost all of us remained on the poop till

midnight admiring the splendour and beauty of the heavens, so totally different the heavenly bodies are from the northern hemisphere. The sun, at noon, has a most extraordinary effect. It is now almost vertical, and you have no shadow on the ground.

Tuesday, November 23rd. This morning the two youths ambitious for mathematic fame, commenced their task; but it seems they had no conception of its magnitude, and in about an hour both of them gave in, which, of course, all expected. Engaged, with the captain to play him twenty games of, chess, and he to beat me fifteen times.

Wednesday, November 24th. The paper published this morning. Played the captain the first game of chess, and won it easily. Painting the whole of the quarter-deck; very disagreeable. We are going at a capital rate; all night, too, were going the same; in the middle watch nine knots an hour, the best run the captain says he ever had from the line, for it is customary to be becalmed for a week or two. Our course S.S.E. I am glad that I sent my letter via Monte Video, as all hope of meeting a homeward bound vessel seems vanished, and otherwise they would not have heard of me until our arrival at Wellington. Yesterday we were in the same latitude as St. Helena, and not very far from it. I cannot imagine anything more beautiful, or exhilarating to the spirits, than the manner in which our huge vessel is bounding through the waves. I am sure I cannot regret the voyage, was it only that our run from the line has been so delightful. In every society there seems to be one of peculiarly shaken intellect, and to serve as a laughing stock for the rest. We have one of these on board, by name Greenhow, or as we call him "how-green." All sorts of practical jokes are constantly being played upon the fellow,

and this morning they have actually persuaded him to have his head shaved, on the plea that it will improve his hair (for he has great vanity), but really that we may laugh at him more. To-day, Mr. Potts, the second mate, was of age, and after dinner we drank his health, proposed by the captain. In the evening the sailors and emigrants were all regaled with grog.

Thursday, November 25th. To-day, at noon, the sun was quite vertical. We have had a capital run of 196 miles since the same time yesterday. At 6 o'clock a mock Magistrate's Court was held in the cuddy, to examine Greenhow on a charge of forgery on the editors of the *Lord Auckland* journal; Mr. Barnicoat and myself, as editors, were the prosecutors; when, after going in the most farcical manner through the common formula of a Police Court, he was fully committed for trial to-morrow night. And thus we amuse ourselves! Afterwards, the discussion of the Debating Society came on. The writer in the chair, Mr. Barnicoat opened the question, "Are the mental endowments of the two sexes naturally equal?" It was by far the most interesting debate we have yet had. Our lady passengers attended, and it was decided by a majority of one that they are equal. These discussions, are to me the most agreeable and instructive Of all our amusements.

Friday, November 26th. The wind still favourable, and our course S.S.E.; but this is a regular English rainy day. Towards noon it became variable, squally, and the rain continued all day. This evening we tried Greenhow for forgery. Mr. Patchett was counsel for the prosecution and the captain for the defence; Mr. Graham, the judge; ourselves and Mr. Jenkins, witnesses; the remainder, jury-men, police, &c.; and it certainly was the most laughable

affair I ever heard. After about three hours the prisoner was brought in not guilty.

Saturday, November 27th. This morning a child died, about ten months old; it was ill when we came on board. The rain still continues, and the wind shifting about to all the points of the compass. We are, however, making some progress southward. This has stopped all our outdoor amusements. The thermometer fallen to 72°. The captain told me last night, in private, that it was his intention to call at the Island of Tristan da Cunha for some live stock, but that he cannot allow us to land. Nine weeks to-day since we left Gravesend, and we all of us consider that about half our journey is performed.

Sunday, November 28th. Last night we had a taste of the "horrors" of a sea voyage. Towards evening it began to blow very fresh from the S.E., and with the course we were making brought with it a heavy head sea. This made the vessel roll and pitch most tremendously, so that I really thought everything would have been carried away. At 10 o'clock the maintopmast yard, a huge piece of timber, snapt like a carrot, and came down with an awful crash, bringing with it sail and everything. Then the maintop-gallant-mast broke off, and immediately after the foretopsail was carried away. "Call all hands to clear the wreck," and the work began. To do this it was necessary to run her off the wind, so that we were coming back to England for an hour or two. The wind continued to blow high all night, and at intervals tossed the sea right over the vessel; but no further damage ensued.

I remained on the deck, as well as several other cabin passengers, firmly clinging to the ropes, for I cannot sleep in such awful noises; besides, I like to see what is going

on. This morning all hands are busy at work repairing damages, and getting up her maintop-yard and sail. No service, all is too much confusion, and the wind still blowing very fresh from the S.E. A most miserable day; nobody dressed, and the sailors shouting, and carpenters hammering, and the ship rolling so, that one cannot stand; altogether makes one wish for a Sabbath in Old England. Again, by 2 o'clock, all was completed, and something like order was again restored.

Monday, November 29th. The wind is full S., dead against us, and we are standing off to N.E. by E., so that we are making some progress towards England again.

Tuesday, November 30th. A beautiful morning, but a complete calm. Not a breath of wind anywhere, and we are standing completely still. Got the Journal ready for to-morrow in the morning. After dinner played at chess with Mr. Patchett. In the evening we celebrated Greenhow's coming of age with whiskey punch.

Wednesday, December 1st. Last night a breeze sprang up from the N.N.E. Royals and studsails were hoisted, and all night we have been going S.E.E. at about seven knots an hour. It still continues. The paper published this morning.

Thursday, December 2nd. Last evening the wind veered round to S.S.E., and after dark became a perfect gale. We passed a most horrible night. Sleep, I believe, was perfectly out of the question with all of us. The sea too came into most of our berths, and rendered it most uncomfortable. Those who have not been in a gale like this can form no idea of the rolling and pitching. You cannot sit, nor stand, nor lie down. To dress, or wash, or eat your meals, is

almost impossible. At daylight it increased in violence. I managed, with great difficulty and after two or three tumbles, to reach the poop to have a look, and there, holding firmly by the ropes, I enjoyed the most magnificent spectacle I ever saw. We were going completely under bare poles except the main and foretop sails, and they were doubly reefed, and we were knocking about most awfully, the sport of the winds and the waves, sometimes rushing headlong down into a huge valley which the sea had formed, and then mounting to the top of a hill of waters. All day this continued, and a most miserable day it was, and many a time I wished myself on land again, as well as every one else on board. Towards evening it moderated a little.

Friday, December 3rd. All night it has blown rather fresh, but nothing like the night before. Wind still against us, S.S.E. Shooting on the poop. A beautiful bird called the Cape hen, in great abundance, flying about the vessel, as well as some albatross, a noble looking bird measuring 12 and 14 feet from tip to tip of the wings. We had an interesting discussion at lunch, whether it was justifiable to shoot those birds merely for wantonness and amusement, when it is impossible to reach them after they are dead. I had only Mr. Otterson and Mr. Barnicoat on my side of the question, so it was agreed by the sportsmen that they were justified to continue the sport if only for practice. In the evening the debate took place of the Society. Mr. Sweet opened the question: "Was Elizabeth Justified in putting Mary Queen of Scots to death?"

He argued that she was justified, and I followed him on the same side, but the captain most rudely (or at least I thought so) interrupted me, and I declined to continue. We are in the same latitude to-day as the Cape of Good Hope, but 53

degrees from it in longitude; a few more degrees southward and then we turn round and go direct east, right away to New Zealand.

Saturday, December 4th. Ten weeks from Gravesend. A cold dull morning. Towards noon the wind veered round a little to N.E. by E., and we have got on a little better. Mr. Barnicoat has written some satirical verses for our Journal, describing us during a gale, which are so true, that I will transcribe some of them to amuse you:-

The many horrors of the mighty deep,
When round the gallant barque rude tempests sweep,
Trembling I sing. Oh ! heavenly truth divine,
With thy bright rays illuminate each line,
Assist me while in humble verse I shew
Our sad and ever-varying forms of woe.

The breakfast-bell now tinkles through the gale,
How few obey its call, those few how pale;
Cautious, some take their stations near the door,
While some come reeling o'er the treacherous floor
See how the plates their proper bounds o'erleap
And rampant breakfast-cups together skip.

The mad potatoes soon the deck o'erstrew,
And knives and forks the general chase renew;
Beef, ham, and mutton from their stations prance,
And frantic biscuits round the table dance;
Here streams of gravy take their savoury course,
And chairs fall crashing with resistless force.

When all are summoned to the dining room
Again in dance promiscuous dishes join,

And the cloth flows with joyless streams of wine;
Now the mad mutton seeks the lifting deck,
And plates and glasses form one scrambling wreck;
Now savoury soups their destined bounds o'erflow,
And ribs of pork soon join the hams below.

The restless beef no mortal arm can stay,
Roast goose and mutton pies pursue their slippery way.
Compared with woes to come these all are light,
Describe, O Muse, the miseries of the night;
Now round the berth, rebellious boxes fly,
And treacherous cords let loose their trusts from high.

The lawless trunks now this, now that way glide,
Or rush with fury 'gainst the creaking side;
E'en books sedate leap with tumultuous roar,
To join the water-jugs that strew the floor;
The luckless chairs around their cabins fly,
And banging doors restraining both defy.

Against the wretched tenants all conspire,
And rouse with endless noise their maddening ire;
Beaten and bruised, in every effort crost,
Or on the floor with force impetuous tost
In vain for pity or for aid they call,
For late alike is pitiless to all.

In the evening we had a very agreeable merry meeting, to
drink absent faces and sweethearts and wives. The wind
increased considerably.

Sunday, December 5th. Our eleventh Sunday on board. A
stiff breeze from the N.N.E., accompanied with rain, made
it disagreeable, but it enables us to make rapid progress on

our eastward course. Service in the cuddy. The doctor read prayers to the emigrants below. After dinner it became fine and we had a gossip on the poop.

Monday, December 6th. A beautiful day, but a perfect calm; most disagreeable to a sailor. Some of our friends were shooting all day, but with little success. In the evening a breeze sprang up from the west; all studding-sails were hoisted, and we went away at eight knots an hour full eastward rejoicing.

Tuesday, Dec. 7th. The wind N.N.W. and freshened a little; going ten miles an hour. We go much better with it on our quarter than on our stem, as it enables us to carry a great deal more sail, and not so much plunging. Mr. Graham shot an albatross, a large beautiful bird; extraordinary so many birds, and so far from land; at least 1,000 miles.

Wednesday, December 8th. The breeze still continues, but gone round to the north again, making a little Northing now to reach the Island of Tristan da Cunha for some live stock. It is about 800 miles east longitude from us. Shipped some water into my cabin, and well drenched my bed, through my porthole. They want me to have it corked up, but I had rather run the risk of a good ducking now and then than be deprived of all fresh air for the remainder of the voyage. I soon got my bed dried, and slept in my clothes, perchance it should be damp. There's caution for you.

Thursday, December 9th. Wind N.N.W.; a delightful breeze; a most beautiful sky, not a single cloud all day long, and we bounding over the blue waves most cheerily, by far the finest day we have had since recrossing the line.

In England now you are nearly starved to death, and we are in the middle of summer. Who would not live in a southern clime? With studding-sails set below and aloft we made good progress.

Friday, December 10th. Weather as yesterday, but the wind lighter.

Saturday, December 11th. Same as yesterday. Eleven weeks to-day since we left Gravesend. Being near the Island of Tristan da Cunha, where we are to take in some live stock, we shortened sail in the evening till daylight. Our Saturday evening meeting was a most merry one.

Sunday, December 12th. About 10 o'clock this morning there was a cry out of land on our starboard quarter. When it is considered we have not seen land since the 2-5th of October, some idea can be formed of our excitement to get another glimpse of it, and many a long aching gaze was sent in that direction. Soon we came nearer, and its bold outline was distinctly visible through a light hazy cloud. Tristan da Cunha is a rocky island, twenty miles in circumference, with a peak of immense height, covered with perpetual snow. It is situated in latitude south $37^{\circ} 5'$, and longitude west $12^{\circ} 7'$, and (with the exception of two small islands near it, called Nightingale and Inaccessible, and both of them uninhabited) is far away from any land. On this island in the middle of the South Atlantic are about ninety people, who subsist upon a few outward-bound India ships taking their pigs and potatoes. A Mr. Glass, a Scotchman, is the governor, and father or grandfather of almost all his subjects. Our captain called there once before on his route to Swan River. We had no service this morning. The excitement was so great that it was entirely

forgotten; and to add to it a ship came in sight, and we had not seen one for a month. Our Ensign soon floated in the breeze, and in return they showed the Stars and Stripes of the United States. They came nearer afterwards and we saw that it was a whaler, and that they had just caught a whale and were towing it alongside. We were highly amused with the gambols of one of these huge monsters near us, and very distinctly saw the whole of his form. He spouted the water to an immense height. We expected to make the island about six in the evening, but, unfortunately, a fog arose and a drizzling rain came on, and it was soon hid from our view; so it continued until dark. Sails were put back and we hove to till daylight again, not without anxiety by all of us on being so near to land in a dense foggy night. Very few went to bed.

Monday, December 13th. About ii o'clock this morning a strong breeze arose from the S.W., and the islands were left far away to leeward; all hope of visiting Tristan da Cunha was now lost, as the surf ran so high that it would be most dangerous. All sail was therefore crowded, and we went on our way eastward heartily disappointed. All day we ran before the wind at nine knots an hour.

Tuesday, December 14th. It blew most tremendously all night, and at one period we were going twelve knots an hour. I got up at 4 o'clock (daylight), for the motion was so great it was impossible to sleep, or in fact to remain in bed without the risk of being thrown over the side; but I have got two ropes and pass them over my body and so lash myself in. Besides some water came into my bed. I went on the poop and saw the sun rise. It blew tremendously, and we were going before it at a railroad speed, with only foresail and maintopsail set. The seas were the largest we

have had yet, and most awful to look at; at one moment a huge mountain before us entirely hiding the horizon from our view, and at the next instant a trough of immense depth into which the vessel plunges headlong. It is, indeed, a most magnificent spectacle. Towards noon it abated, and in the evening studdingsails were hoisted, and we went on at eight knots most comfortably. To-day one of our passengers shot a bird called the "boatswain," from its peculiar shrill whistle. It is most beautifully formed, about the size of a pigeon, pure white, with a dovetail, the most elegant shaped bird I ever saw.

Wednesday, December 15th. Paper published this morning. A favourable breeze. Yesterday's was the best run we have had, 218 miles in twenty-four hours. We expect now to be at New Zealand the beginning of February, 1842. I wonder where the other vessels are. Never heard of them after we left the Downs. Hope we shall be there before them. They are a great deal lighter vessels than the *Lord, Auckland*, and will run a little faster in a light wind,; but in a strong breeze we should beat them far away. At any rate we shall not be long after them. A beautiful bright sunny day; the breeze has fallen considerably.

Thursday, December 16th. Early this morning the breeze died away entirely, and we were quite becalmed all day. One of the sailors caught an albatross (a large beautiful bird) with a fishing line baited with pork. It measured 10 feet from tip to tip of the wings. After being led round as a raree-show it made a capital dinner for all the sailors. In the evening was the Debating Society. The question was: "Are joint Stock Banks advantageous, or have they been injurious to the nation?" An interesting debate took place, as several of our party belong to the Australian Banking

Company; but all agreed that they had not been injurious except Mr. Patchett, Greenhow, and the writer. These debates improve every week, and are of great benefit to us all.

Friday, December 17th. A fine breeze sprang up this morning, and we kept up about eight knots an hour all the day. In our progress eastwards we crossed the longitude of Greenwich in south latitude $38^{\circ} 5'$ this morning about 10 o'clock, so that our time is exactly the same as yours to-day; but as we go cast we shall gain a quarter of an hour every day. The weather very fine, with a cloudless sky.

Saturday, December 18th. Wind as yesterday, N.N.E., but stronger. Weather still remarkably fine.

Sunday, December 19th. Our thirteenth Sunday on board. On account of the strong breeze we had prayers and a sermon read in the cuddy. The doctor did the same to the emigrants below. We had another splendid run, made 217 knots the last twenty-four hours. After dinner we had a long debate on duelling, whether it was justifiable or not.

Monday, December 20th. Wind gone round to S.W. by W. Our course is S.E. by E., so my cabin is situated the best of anyone's, for on an outward passage the larboard is almost invariably the weather side, which is much more desirable than the lee side, as you have plenty of fresh air, and especially am I fortunate in getting it in the cuddy, for the closeness below is terrible. My cabin is 8 ft. 6 in. long, 6 ft. wide and 6 ft. 6 in. high.

Tuesday, December 21st. Going before the wind at nine knots an hour; course, nearly east; wind, N.N.W. In the evening in the same longitude as the Cape of Good Hope, 18°, and not above 200 miles south of it; but what a long way round we have gone to get here, almost made an angle to Cape Horn, the wind drove us so far west. We are however, making it all up now, and our arrival at Wellington early in February is placed now almost beyond a doubt. All the morning engaged studying mathematics; after dinner played at chess on the poop.

Wednesday, December 22nd. A dull morning, but still making rapid progress. Several of our party are, I think, beginning to show a white feather, at least if we may judge from their conversation, fancying that it is not such a good place to go to as they were led to expect. This must be put down, for wherever doubt exists defeat must follow. For myself I have the greatest confidence, and shall continue to have until I judge for myself. A most amusing squabble, I understand, took place below last night amongst the single women. They have a place to themselves, apart from the rest of the emigrants. It seems they quarrelled amongst themselves, and about 12 o'clock it came to blows; then two or three of them went into hysterics, and a scene of confusion followed, I understand, rich in the extreme.

Thursday, December 23rd. A cold rainy morning; but the wind still fair, and we are making rapid progress, with maintop-gallant studding-sails set. After breakfast we all went to the forecastle to see the pig which is to be killed for the emigrants' and sailors' Christmas dinner. It is a nice little thing, in good condition, and weighing ten score. I believe we are to have a regular gala day. In the evening our debate came on, "Are theatricals generally injurious to

morality?" This Debating Society has been of great service to all of us in teaching us how to express our opinions on a given topic with ease and fluency.

Friday, December 24th. Wind S.W.W., and squally at intervals, with rain and a bracing wind; towards evening it was milder, and as we had never been so elevated before, the doctor, Mr. Patchett, the writer, and another, agreed to go up to the maintopmast head to see the sun set. The ascent is easy up the shrouds, but when arrived there the height from the deck looks frightful. We were, however, amply rewarded in the magnificence of the scene around. We could now see how the gallant ship danced over the waters like a thing of life, leaving a trail of white foam behind her, and her tall masts bending gracefully beneath the weight of canvas. The sunset, as viewed from our elevation, was gorgeous in the extreme; in your northern clime you can form no idea of its splendour. The whole heavens seemed gilt with Nature's purest leaf gold, and almost every moment it varied in its aspect; as the poet sings:

"Those fleeces bright of dye,
That stripe the hue of heav'n with woolly gold;
Whereon are happy angels, won't to lie
Lolling in amaranthine bowers enrolled."

Whilst I - was gaping about though, as a Yorkshireman would, I was rather surprised to find myself lashed firmly to one of the halyards, and I was obliged to promise the sailors a bottle of rum before I could be released. It seems to be a custom among sailors on anyone's first appearance at the maintop. Of course I agreed that it was a most absurd one. Well, this was Christmas Eve, a period, dear to the recollection of most of us, and our thoughts wandered to,

and our tongues spoke of, our native land. In the routine of our voyage a day like this comes with many fond recollections, and the thought of the happy Christmas days I have spent for the last seven years came so vividly to my thoughts-but pardon me: good-night and a Merry Christmas to you all.

Saturday, December 25th. Christmas Day, and thirteen weeks since we left Gravesend. Wind N.N.W., and going right before it at ten knots, the rolling and pitching very great. At breakfast the usual compliments of the season passed round, and while in the midst of it a squall came on, and a gloom pervaded everything. Afterwards we had a hail storm; all superfluous sail was taken in in a few minutes. Weather cold, and at ii o'clock we had service read in the cuddy. At 1 o'clock the whole of the emigrants and crew were regaled with pork and plum pudding, and each mess had a bottle of port. The children had nuts and raisins. All seemed highly pleased and gave loose to mirth in an uproarious manner. The only thing to mar the general happiness was the stormy character of the day, blowing a perfect gale.

In the cuddy we had a capital dinner-not the roast beef of Old England, but a goose formed a part of it, and a huge plum pudding; but we could keep nothing on the table for the rolling of the vessel. In the evening we had a most agreeable merry meeting in spite of the storm which raged without, and at the suggestion of some friends I wrote a song for the occasion, in honour of the ship, and sung it amidst general applause. It was encored. They are kind enough to say that it possesses some merit. I will, therefore, transcribe it for you, that you may judge for yourselves:

The ship we sail in! Then here's to the ship,
As she bounds o'er the waves so free;
We've a pilot bold, and a gallant crew,
And we'll drink to the joys of the sea.

What cared we when the tempests blew,
The thunder rolled, the waves ran fast,
But like glad spirits we onwards flew,
And but smiled at the wildest blast.
Then the ship we sail in, &c.

Pledge to the joys of love's honied lip,
And the rapture its sweets impart;
But I drain the cup to our gallant ship,
Hurrah! She's my gay sweetheart.
Then the ship we sail in, &c.

Drink to your friends and your fatherland,
And the scene of your childhood's home;
But I raise the cup with a willing hand,
As we drive thro' the trackless foam.
Then the ship we sail in, &c.

She has been our home for many days,
And right merrily have they fled;
She deserves our thanks, our warmest lays,
Then let's drink to the life we have led.
Then the ship we sail in, &c.

Thus passed my Christmas on the wide ocean.

Sunday, December 26th. It has been most fearfully wild all night, and not many made their appearance at breakfast this morning. Weather same as yesterday, squally with hail

storms; but we are making great progress. Service in the cuddy. Sermon from the 3rd chapter Ephesians, 8th verse. An immense number of birds around us albatross, Cape pigeons, petrels, &c., &c., flying about in clouds. A pig had the audacity to interrupt service again this morning. It was amusing itself on the deck when it got a bone stuck fast in its throat, and squalled most awfully. It was obliged immediately to be killed to save its life, and it not being done effectually, the pig bolted about the deck like mad with its throat cut. All this happened whilst service was being read close by; but in spite of the squeaks of the pig and the expectation of its running into the cuddy amongst us, prayers were continued. I am quite of opinion that the reading of prayers on board a ship of this kind is better dispensed with. There is so little, even of the outward show, of religion in it, the reader of them perhaps swearing terribly at the sailors, either immediately before or after (and all captains they tell me do swear of necessity to command obedience), and the ludicrous consequences so frequently attendant upon it, especially in stormy weather like the present. Perhaps at every roll of the ship the chair slides from under you, and you find yourself upon the deck. All these combined make me think that religion of this form would be better dispensed with. I trust to the more earnest yet silent religion of the soul.

Monday, December 27th. Wind S.W. by W., dead against us. Wrote all the morning in my own cabin.

Tuesday, December 28th. A breeze sprang up during the night, and the wind went round to N.N.E., so that all day we made considerable progress; but it was a continued rain and very cold. It is most amusing to see (in fact it is the only amusement we have had to-day) the people tumbling

down. Teak, an East Indian wood, of which the ship is built, is so slippery when wet, and the rolling of the vessel, makes it almost impossible to keep upon your feet, and a loud laugh runs round the ship at every misfortune. I dare say how foolish you think us for going on the deck at all, in such weather; but when you have been caged up three months in a little place like this, you would do it (as we do) at any hazard.

Wednesday, December 29th. About midnight the breeze died away again, and this morning we are almost becalmed; rain still. In the latter part of the day it cleared up, a slight breeze arose from the north, and with studding-sails set we went on our way once more. A terrible row on the fore-castle but it turned out to be only the boatswain and Irish emigrant fighting. Thieving on board! Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins brought with them a maid servant, and it was discovered to-day that she has taken upwards of £10 out of their cabin. They have pardoned her, on her promise of amendment, so through their false notions of *doing good*, a vile creature like that is to be thrown upon society at Nelson to take someone else in, instead of punishing her as she deserves and as an example to others.

Thursday, December 30th. By 12 o'clock last night, when I went to bed, the breeze had increased considerably, and expecting a gale, all sail (except the mainsail and maintopsail) were taken in. During the middle watch it came on to blow very hard and continued so until sunrise, when it almost died away, and rain came on. Towards noon it cleared up, and we had a bright sky all day; with it also came a breeze from the N.W., carrying us along at nine and sometimes ten knots. Our nearest point of land is Prince Edward's Isle, and as large masses of seaweed are floating

by, we presume it comes from that island. The captain talks of going round the southern extremity of New Zealand to reach Port Nicholson instead of the usual way through Cook's Straits, thinking that difficult navigation may be avoided, and done quicker likewise. It is an experiment which I do not think he dare attempt, although I should like it very much myself. I have so much confidence in his skill and caution as a sailor. I begin to feel the want of more exercise now; "to walk the poop" (about 40 ft. in length) is all very pleasant for a few days, or even weeks, but when you come to months it is rather wearisome. We have got to tread the line so correctly now, that we can do it pretty well even when the vessel is rolling and pitching. The best run we have had yet: during the last twenty-four hours made 233 miles. In the evening was the usual debate on "Will Colonization to New Zealand benefit the Aborigines?" It was, after an animated debate, decided by nine to four that it would. The writer was in the chair. At night the breeze fell considerably.

Friday, December, 31st, 1841. Got up this morning at 4 o'clock to see the sun rise; amply repaid for my trouble in the splendour of the scene. An iceberg in sight about twenty miles on our weather side. It is a huge rock of ice, in shape something like one of the Canary Islands we passed. The captain never saw one before; therefore I suppose it to be unusual, and as such was an object of interest to us all. It has, of course, drifted from the south. One of the men struck a porpoise with his harpoon, but the instrument would not remain in its back, so we lost the fish. It quite dyed the water all round with its blood, and after floundering a minute or two, it lay upon its side and died. Wind N.N.W., though very little of it. This being the last day in the Old Year, it furnished us with a topic for

conversation all the evening. At 8 o'clock another iceberg was seen about five miles from us on the lee side. This made the captain rather anxious, as they are most awkward things to run foul of during the night. Good-night; a happy New Year to you all; but the New Year will have waxed old, or at any rate half passed away, ere you receive this; never mind, it comes with the same wishes. The thoughts of how I have spent this evening (as far back as I can recollect) come fresh to my memory, last New Year's Eve especially, and now I am spending it, heaven only knows where, amongst icebergs, and the elements telling as plain as possible that we shall have a fearful night. Well, never mind, we have a skilful captain, and a good ship, and with our trust in Providence we need fear not.

Sunday forenoon, January 2nd, 1842. I seize the first opportunity of recording the "Lion" of our voyage so far, or, as Captain Jardine terms it, "the most severe storm he ever witnessed," or a "thundering one." To begin at the beginning, however, I will attempt to describe it. On Friday evening the barometer fell as low as 28° and the sympiesometer still lower, sure foretellers of a gale; and as the captain put on his pilot coat and sou'wester, we all perceived that he expected something extraordinary. We, however, all drank our grog very comfortably until 11, gossiping about old times, when, lights being put out, most of the people went to bed, Mr. Barnicoat and Mr. Sclanders coming into my cabin to pass the *old year out and the new one in*. The wind had now veered round to the east, full in our teeth, and we went on the other tack to avoid the icebergs and a look-out was kept on the forecastle. It had now begun to blow hard, and every yard of sail was taken in, except the main and foretop sails, and they were double reefed. Still it increased, and at 12 o'clock was a complete

gale, and not to deviate from old customs we ushered in the New Year with a merry peal on the bell (not bells), a huge one, although we could only hear it at intervals for the roaring of the wind and the ocean. This frightened a great many, and they came running up the hatchways in their nightdresses, actually fancying we were going down, and that the ringing of the bell was a signal to that effect. It certainly was a wild, random peal, and calculated to alarm nervous people, especially being awoke from sleep by it. I then went to bed, but to sleep was impossible for the noise and motion, the wind roaring like thunder; and with the motion, tie and batten things down as you will, you cannot keep them in their places, hence every cabin has its different things rolling about. But anyone who has not been out in a gale of wind in a large ship can form no idea of the strange and wild noises. Daylight came at last, and with it a slight cessation of the wind. This was about 4 o'clock. I got up with great difficulty, and after being thrown repeatedly against the sides, managed to dress and went on the poop. It continued thus till 8 o'clock, when the storm burst in a wild fury around us tearing everything before it; tremendous seas came over us, sails torn into ribands, and leaning so that sometimes the sides of the cuddy seemed to be the floor. At half-past eight the spars lashed at the side of the long boat came down with a tremendous crash, and at the same time the maintop-gallant mast and yard and sail were carried away, and left the appearance of the main mast a perfect wreck; this eased her a little, and the gallant vessel bowed before the fury of the blast, and anon rose triumphantly on the topmost wave. The only fear was now that she would be taken "aback," for the four men at the wheel had not the slightest power over it, and the carpenter was ready with his hatchet to cut away the mizen mast, should that occur. Happily this did not occur, and although

the gale still continued its fury until noon, yet all danger had passed away by half-past ten. The sympiesometer, as the most sensitive glass, began to rise gradually at half-past nine, and then we knew the worst was over, and by noon it had reached nearly go, then visibly it (the wind) began to fall, and comparative security prevailed, and once more we trod the deck of the *Lord Auckland* with a firm step. I was out and assisting to pull the ropes, as well as most of us, nearly all the time. We had none of us seen a storm before, and we were rather anxious for the opportunity; but I believe all are perfectly satisfied now. Yet I must say that, although the captain says it is the most severe storm he ever was out in, it does not accord with my preconceived ideas of "a storm at sea." At noon I am sorry to say that we had a death on board - the wife of a tailor named Green, late of London, of inflammation of the lungs. She has been very delicate ever since we came on board, and I should say her death was accelerated by the storm, although I understand it was impossible for her to have lived long. She was a tall, delicate, and very strange-looking young woman, about twenty-three years of age, seriously inclined, and always kept herself very quiet, but not at all calculated for the wear and tear the wife of a first settler will have to endure. We all regret it exceedingly, as we had hoped to have got out without the death of an adult. Altogether, therefore, the New Year has commenced most inauspiciously, and a general damp is thrown upon the ship. It was impossible to cook any meat for dinner, so we had some *sea pie*. That is soup made with paste in it (and very good it is), and bread and cheese; and the rolling and pitching continued so bad that we could scarcely eat that, and the sea continued to run so heavy although the wind had abated by evening; even now it runs high and the rolling is almost as bad. This morning the wind went round

to N.W. by W., and with the wreck of masts and sails we have left, a little Easting is being made. I went to bed very early last night, and nature being exhausted I slept successively for ten hours. The ship has a most miserable appearance, nothing but broken spars and ropes and sails dangling about. We had no service in consequence. At 2o'clock the bell, which tolled so merrily the Old Year out, rang for the funeral of Mrs. Green, and with all the solemnity present circumstances and the wreck of the ship would allow of, her body was consigned to the great deep, in the same manner as I have before described the burial of the children, but with a more lively interest.

In the evening we had the fore and foretop studding-sails out and went on our way almost forgetful of the past. Upon the whole there seems to have been more danger than we really apprehended, and that had she not been a really well-built ship, or had the storm lasted an hour longer, we must inevitably have gone down altogether. The day has passed off very quietly. We had a comfortable dinner and order is again restored. Nine of the sailors and the third mate are laid up with the fatigues of yesterday.

At 2 o'clock this day (Sunday) the body of Mrs. Green was consigned to the deep, in the presence of a gaping and rude crowd of uninterested individuals. The little scamp of a tailor (her husband) has shown not the least feeling, but exhibited the utmost levity ever since, and going about the ship with apparently the most gratified manner. But he pretends to be religious, and as such cannot repine, but, rather will he rejoice at the "will of God` They talk of tying a rope round him, and giving him a bit of a ducking in the sea, and was it not for the fear of sharks making off with him, I should like to see it done. The day passed gloomy enough, and very cold.

Monday, January 3rd, 1842. Wind N.N.E.; going a little to the north to avoid the icebergs. Indeed we cannot make out why we should have gone so far south as 45° latitude. All the other ships to New Zealand have generally kept in 40°. A quiet breeze; about seven knots.

Tuesday, January 4th. As we return more north it is much warmer again; all hands repairing damages. The loss of our maintopmast very much retards our progress, but a new one will be up in a day or two. In the evening almost a calm. Busy all day writing the newspaper, which still increases in interest. There is a wish on board to publish it by subscription. Saw several whales. Towards evening the wind increased considerably, so that at 9 o'clock we were going ten knots an hour. About midnight it blew very hard, and the ship rolled about a great deal. The captain is unwell, and has not been out of his cabin these two days; but the chief mate is a very steady, respectable fellow, and conducts the ship very well.

Thursday, January 6th, 1842. This morning it was almost a calm, very warm and mild, with a drizzling rain; towards noon it cleared off, and we had a cloudless sky the remainder of the day. Caught two albatross with a line baited with pork, the one was 9 ft.10 in. and the other 9 ft. 5 in. from tip to tip of the wings, and the former weighed eighteen pounds. The skins are preserved, and the flesh the sailors make a pie of. This evening the doctor opened the question for debate of "In the character of Hamlet did Shakespeare intend him to be really mad or only to assume madness?" It was a most uninteresting affair, as all were of the same opinion, that his madness was but assumed.

Friday, January 7th. A fine day and a quiet breeze from the north; about six knots. Got up the new mast in the place of the one destroyed on Saturday last. Towards evening the wind died away, and we were almost standing still. A beautiful clear night. I remained on the quarter-deck talking until nearly n o'clock, when a heavy squall of rain came on. It lasted about ten minutes, and then all was as calm and bright as ever.

Saturday, January 8th. Fifteen weeks from Gravesend. A beautiful morning, but a perfect calm. A whale this morning rose close to the vessel, and rolled its huge carcase about our stem for some time, for our amusement apparently. Then it lazily went below, we dying with laughter at the quiet way in which he did it. About noon a slight breeze sprang up, and we got on at about five knots. In the afternoon the wind changed to W.S.W., but very light. In the evening was our merry meeting and very much we enjoyed ourselves.

Sunday, January 9th. Our sixteenth on board. We were agreeably surprised to find on awakening this morning a good breeze from the W.S.W., and danced over the waves at eight or nine knots. A breeze makes such a difference in the appearance of a ship, and so exhilarates the spirits of every one on board. A beautiful morning, nothing but the "blue above and the blue below." Everything has a cheering appearance; the people all nice and clean as hands can make them. Service was read in the cuddy with a propriety I have hardly seen before. A sermon was also read from Matt. 7th chapter, 4th verse. We then had a long argument on the genius of Sir W. Scott, some arguing that it had been over-rated, and the writer was one of them, and others that his genius was undervalued. I have become very

fond of these arguments, and they tend to improve one very much in giving a clearer mode of explaining our thoughts, hence I try to provoke controversy. All day the breeze continued, and in the evening the deck presented a most animated appearance *à la promenade*. Every one seemed happy, and the merry laugh rang from one end of the ship to the other. After grog I smoked a cigar with the doctor on the deck until 12 o'clock.

Monday, January 10th. Weather the same as yesterday, and all night we have been going at nine knots. The wind has gone a little more round to the south, so the starboard is the weather side now. It is rather colder. Busy preparing the newspaper.

Tuesday, January 11th, 1842. Last night, 12 o'clock, the wind died away, and this day we have made no progress whatever, but lain like a log upon the water. It is, however, nice and warm and the sun shines beautifully, and laughter and merriment resound throughout the ship. The wind got up a little towards evening, N.W. by W., and we got on at about four or five knots; but by midnight it died away again.

Wednesday, January 12th, 1842. The same as yesterday, a beautiful mild morning, and as I lay in bed I could have fancied myself on shore, for there is no motion whatever, and the cocks crowing just above my head sounded cheerful. I went on the poop before breakfast. Every sail. is up and struggling and flapping in vain to catch a breath of wind, and if a little puff does come, it is so fickle, first perhaps from the W. to N.N.W. by N. on our starboard quarter, and in a minute or two it changes to N. and N.E., and before all the tackle can be turned round and stud-sails

moved to the other side, it is back again. There is one great thing in these latitudes, you scarcely ever have a contrary wind after you lose the S.E. Trades. You may be becalmed or have them ever so light, but more than nine months out of the twelve they vary from N.W. and N. to S.E., all equally favourable for a passage to Australia or New Zealand. If it was not for these winds we could go round Cape Horn, and be there a month quicker.

The paper published this morning and excited great interest. Towards evening the sails gradually began to fill, and by dark we had a quiet breeze from the N. carrying us at about six knots. The glass has never been so high since we have been on board as to-night, the barometer being 30.50. Walked the poop with Mr. Patchett until 11 o'clock. The hold opened, we hope, for the last time.

Thursday, January 13th, 1842. A beautiful morning with a cloudless sky, and progressing at seven or eight knots. Wind, N.N.W. Nothing is talked of now but our arrival, and as we approach nearer and nearer, excitement increases, and bets are being made that we sight New Zealand on the 31st of January. We can talk of nothing else now, and all sorts of conjectures are afloat with regard to the preparations made for our reception. We expect to sight Van Dieman's Land about next Sunday or Monday week. The breeze continued all day, and now is the most pleasant part of our voyage, neither too hot or cold. In the evening we had a good piece of fun. It was Howgreen's (as we call him) turn to open the debate on the question of "Was the death of Charles I. justifiable?" Now as he is the general butt of the cuddy, and as he had made such a fool of himself in boasting of his proposed speech which he intended to read and on which he had bestowed a fortnight's study, it was determined to tease him; so just

before it was time to begin some one very dexterously took his speech out of his coat pocket. The bell rang as usual for the debate, and we all took our places, ladies as well, and he was all ready to begin with a great flourish. Imagine his look of dismay when he found his speech gone! All were in the dark about it, of course, and the poor fellow, vexed almost to crying, was obliged to confess that he could not open without his speech, and therefore he must give it up. So it ended. Some time afterwards it was found torn and crumpled under the table. This, I dare say, you will think is strange amusement for men. So should I if I was on shore. But here where you have nothing else to amuse, and you are tired of everything, why anything is a perfect godsend. As it was all up with the debate, we promenaded on the quarter-deck. The hold was opened to get a foretop-gallant stud-sail out, and a boy leaning on the rails fell right down the hatchway on to the water casks below, about 30ft. We thought, on being lifted out, that he was dead, but that is not the case; although dreadfully hurt, the doctor has hopes of his recovery. This is the first accident we have had, which is marvellous considering the number of children we have on board and the great danger always existing at sea.

Friday, January 14th, 1842. Rather a dull morning; wind the same as yesterday, but not so much of it. Busy writing all day. This is the most pleasant part of our voyage, the temperature is so delightful. I suppose all begin to be tired now though, for they seem rather waspish some of them, and not that desire to please there has been all along. Still there is not the slightest ill-feeling, and as we have so short a time to be together, surely it will not occur now; but had we four months more of it, I would not answer for the harmony of the ship. The boy who fell yesterday is doing

well, and likely to recover. It was a beautiful night, and a new moon to light us on the coast of Australia.

Saturday, January 15th, 1842. Wind N.N.W., and a fine breeze; nine knots an hour; glass fallen much, and we expect a gale; great quantities of seaweed floating by, supposed to be from the Swan River part of Australia. As we have now so much to do, and events crowd upon us at the last, it was determined to give up the Debating Society. The wind kept gradually increasing all day and until midnight, when, it being a perfect gale, we ran before it with double-reefed topsails. The captain being unwell, we drank our usual Saturday evening toasts in silence. Smoked a pipe on the deck afterwards, although blowing very hard, yet not at all cold.

Sunday, January 16th. It continued to blow hard all night, and the noise and rolling was such that I could not sleep. I got up, therefore, at 4 o'clock (daylight) and did a good deal of writing, as well as the motion would allow. We had some capital fun at breakfast, the eatables rolling about so. The captain still remaining unwell, we had no service. It was a most miserable day. It rained and blew very hard without intermission, and everything wore the most cheerless aspect it is possible to imagine. I remained in my own cabin reading and writing until a good dinner put a little life into us. Afterwards I could stand it no longer, but, wrapped up well, I determined to have an hour on the poop, blow and rain as it would; and it did blow and rain without the slightest mistake. It did me a great deal of good though. I felt quite recovered after. At 10 o'clock, the glass continuing to fall, and the wind still increasing, the maintopgallant and royal yards were taken down as a precaution. As I am fond of seeing the manoeuvres of the

ship, I went out to see this. A lad fell from the mainyard, and as he fell he uttered a most piercing scream, and the poor fellow saw death staring him in the face, but, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, when he had nearly reached the bulwarks, he caught hold of the shrouds and thus saved his life. He immediately gave a shout of "All right, sir," and ran up, the rigging as if nothing had occurred.

Monday, January 17th. It continued just the same all night, and this morning the glass was still falling. Making great progress - off Cape Lewin, the most westerly part of Australia. All day it continued to blow very hard, with occasional showers of rain.

Tuesday, January 18th. A heavy sea all last night. The vessel rolled a good deal and the wind at times blew hard, but not so bad as the night before. Got up at 5 o'clock, for a sea larger than the rest dashed over us, and a good sprinkling of salt water came on to my bed; rather uncomfortable, but they are accidents most are liable to. A bracing morning, the sun shining, a fine breeze right aft, and running before it at nine knots. All my bedding is tied to a rope, hanging out of my porthole, and "floating in the breeze" to dry. At breakfast the royal yard was again hoisted and all studding-sails set, the gale being considered over. We had a good breeze, however, all day, and went along most gallantly at nine knots; towards evening we had occasional squalls. The captain, who has been confined to his cabin the last few days with indisposition, came out to dinner to-day. He says that we are within four days' sail of Adelaide. I should like a look at it very much. We shall make Van Dieman's Land about next Sunday.

Wednesday, January 19th. I went to bed very early last night, and slept till breakfast-time this morning. The breeze still continues, but it is rather a dull morning. Paper published, the fifteenth number. The ship rolled about a good deal, and we had frequent squalls. Every one busy engaged writing copies of the papers for themselves; the cuddy more like an office filled with clerks than anything else. I can write in my own cabin, a great comfort; but, except Messrs. Otterson, Jenkins, and Lidbetter, none else can for want of light. We all jumped after dinner at the cry of a whale. He was floating close to the ship, so we had a good look at him. We all agreed that he was about 50 ft. long, and the chief mate, who has been engaged in whale fisheries, said that would produce about four tons of oil. It was a black whale, not a spermaceti one. We gossiped the evening away in speculating about our new home which a few days will now bring us in sight of. We had some good fun talking of what we shall do the first few nights. I think I shall knock the head out and sleep in an empty puncheon, if I can get nothing else. At any rate, it will protect one from the weather, and if it is squally and wet, as we have had it the last few days, and summer too, "what the -" as I heard a man at the wheel say the other day, "is winter like?"

Thursday, January 20th. Wind S.S.W., and colder; squally at intervals, but making rapid progress. One roll of the ship larger than the rest awoke me about 1 o'clock this morning. My washing table and writing desk had upset-such a crash; the moon shone bright, and I could see distinctly the havoc made. I could not, however, help laughing as I lay in bed and looked at it. Nothing was broke but my water-jug, and that I have mended sufficiently to last me the voyage. There is great speculation about a lottery formed at the

beginning of the voyage; each of us pays so much a week to form a fund to be given to the drawer of the number of the day on which we sight New Zealand. I drew for the 3rd February, and I think it stands pretty well, but to avoid any further trouble about it I thought it better (as we cannot depend upon the wind at all) to sell it to the doctor for what it cost me. In consequence of our near approach to land it was agreed to-night that the Debating Society should cease; every one seems to have something else to do now, writing, &c. It has, however, been very instructive, and an agreeable relief to the voyage. This evening the sympiesometer rose rapidly, and the wind fell in proportion.

Friday, January 21st. This morning wind in the same direction, but almost a calm. Engaged all the fore part of the day with Mr. Barnicoat measuring every part of the ship, to give a plan of it, and describe all the emigrants' berths in the journal. Poor creatures, it is a horrible place between decks, so many people in so small a space, I wonder how they live. Several of the women told me how glad they should be when it was over. I shall send you a copy of the plan. After noon we got on a little faster.

Saturday, January 22nd. Wind N.W. by W., and a good breeze. As we approach the land our time passes on very swiftly, and next week we give up the paper, having something else to attend to now. The last pig which we have was killed to-day. We had eighteen when we left Gravesend and eighteen sheep. After tea spent an hour at the maintop. The appearance is most magnificent on a fine day; the immense height you are from the deck, and the sails full and the vessel tearing through the water, and dashing the white foam aside, and the graceful waving to

and fro altogether is a scene I would not have missed for a trifle. At night was our usual merry meeting. We broke up about ii, and then on the deck to look at the weather, as usual, and each gave his opinion about it. It was a fine night, but the wind had increased considerably from the north, and we were running as close up to it as possible. This made her lean very much on one side so that it was difficult to stand. We all prognosticated a gale.

Sunday, January 23rd. A fine morning, but the wind blew very hard from the N., and with double-reefed topsails we are running close up to it. We are making a little north in order to sight Van Dieman's Land for satisfaction. This we hope to do on Tuesday. No service in consequence of the gale. Towards evening the wind went round to N.W., which made our progress more rapid and much easier. Some fine fun after dinner; the people would go out, and the seas would occasionally come over the vessel, so that about every quarter of an hour some of us got a ducking, to the great amusement of the rest.

Monday, January 24th. A beautiful morning; wind N.W. and much lighter. Reefs were shaken out of the topsails, royals set, and foretop studdingsails, altogether a most agreeable change; making great progress. We have had a most splendid run from the longitude of the Cape; now only two days behind the boasted quick passage of the *Tory* (that is from the Cape), and we think even now that we shall beat the *Mary Anne* and the *Fifeshire*. It will astonish every one indeed if we do, for our vessel is reckoned such a slow sailor. Saw a very large whale close on our starboard side.

Tuesday, January 25th. The cry of a sail in sight awoke us all this morning at 6 o'clock, and as we had not seen one since we passed Tristan da Cunha it caused a good deal of excitement. When I got on the poop she was bearing down upon us from the S.E. at a spanking rate, a most beautiful sight, for she was a large noble-looking vessel, and soon she passed our quarter at a distance of about one mile. It was an American whaler, and the Stripes and Stars of the United States floated gaily and glittered in the morning sun. Our Ensign was soon up in answer to it, and thus we passed on. Off Van Dieman's Land, but from calculations we are too far south to see it. Begun to write my letters to be left at Wellington. Well, we are really going round the South Island instead of through Cook's Straits, the usual route to Port Nicholson. It is certainly a bold experiment for an emigrant ship; but our captain thinks he can both do it quicker and avoid most dangerous navigation. If anything occurs, of course, he will be greatly blamed, and some on board blame him now, but I am perfectly satisfied with his nautical skill. The breeze kept on steadily all day, and we went on at from eight to nine knots an hour. We have all of us agreed to join in the landing and protecting of goods, and they are all to be put together on shore (unless there is some place for us to put them in) until we can get buildings of our own. Some of us are to remain on board, and some on shore, to superintend the loading of the boats, and the landing of their cargoes, as it is very probable we may not be able to anchor within two or three miles of the shore; then if our goods are to remain on the strand, they will be better protected altogether than in detached lots. We are all very much disappointed at not seeing Van Dieman's Land.

Wednesday, January 26th. The wind was very light this morning, and towards noon gradually died away, and the rest of the day we lay becalmed; most tantalizing, more especially as we are so near our destination. A cloudless sky and the finest day since we left the tropics, so warm that we got our straw hats on again. The sixteenth and last number of the *Lord Auckland Journal* published this morning. It has very far exceeded the expectations of every one, and I was anxious to have conducted it to the end of our voyage, but both Mr. Barnicoat and myself have something else to think about now; besides, next Wednesday we expect to be at Wellington. This morning a large flock of small birds, something like our starlings, flew by all in a cluster. We suppose them to be migrating from one island to another. After dinner we fished for albatross, and although there were a great many about, yet without effect. Sunset was most magnificent; and after grog we stood until nearly midnight admiring the beauty of the heavens; the moon was at full, and its beams sparkling on the glassy and calm bosom of the water like streams of gold. Our huge vessel lay like a log upon the sea, and her sails flapping now this way, now that.

Thursday, January 27th. About 3 o'clock this morning a breeze sprang up from the south; a fine morning, but much colder than yesterday. Our course N.E. by E. by the compass, but (allowing for the magnetic variation just here) it is S.E. by E. Immense quantities of birds. Busy as well as every one else writing letters and preparing for land.

Friday, January 28th. The cold south wind has continued, which rather retards our progress, as we have to run close up to it with the yards braced sharp up. If it continues I

believe we cannot double the South Island. A sail in sight a long way to windward and hull down. All the morning she gradually bore up to us until near enough to distinguish that she was an American whaler. After dinner she sent one of her whale boats off to us, and the little light skiff danced over the waves at a fearful rate. We lay to, and they came on board. It was the *Daniel Webster* from New York, bound round the south point of New Zealand in search of whales, and as we found that her captain and mates had been there before, the boat was sent off for them to come on board to give us any information relative to the navigation of the coast. Her captain readily came and stayed with us until dark, from whom our captain derived much valuable information which decided him in going round the South Island. In the meantime the two vessels lay near each other with their sails aback, and four of us went on board the American; they treated us most hospitably, and actually forced upon us, and would receive no payment, six boxes of their cigars (but they were such rascally bad ones that we could not smoke them), and altogether they advanced the character of the American people much in our estimation. They gave most flattering accounts of New Zealand. Their ship, which was a very fine one, had been out seven months; they had captured fourteen black whales which yielded 1,000 barrels of oil. They intended to put into the Bay of Islands about March and winter there. Their vessel would carry about 3,000 barrels, and they did not expect to reach America again until the latter end of 1843. At dark they left us, and we gave them three hearty English cheers at parting. A strange face was such a luxury to us that we had never done asking them questions, and altogether it has been a day of great excitement, and the greatest relief we have yet had to the

monotony of the voyage. At night the wind came more aft, and we went on our way rejoicing.

Saturday, January 29th. A dull morning, but mild; wind aft, and with all the studding-sails set, we are not going more than six knots. At noon we had some rare fun; three whales kept us company close to the ship for quarter of an hour, frisking, gambolling, and rolling their huge carcasses about in a most peculiar manner. We thought they were mad, for they roared and spouted and tossed themselves into the air, and, in short, seemed regularly to enjoy themselves. In the evening, as usual, was our Saturday festival, and as we expect it is the last we shall all of us be together (two of our passengers leave us at Wellington) the captain treated us with a few bottles of champagne on the occasion, and we spent a most jovial evening. It was rather disturbed in the middle though by the captain fancying the smell of fire, and he turned as pale as death. We ascertained, however, that it was only a lamp going out, and the joviality went on again.

Sunday, January 30th. Wind and weather the same as yesterday. Time passes most rapidly now, and people are beginning to prepare for landing. We are going round the South Island, and expect to make the "Snares" (the most southerly point of New Zealand) to-morrow evening or Tuesday morning. A couple of days will then, if the wind is favourable, take us to Wellington. I believe some of us will go wild with joy when we get on land again. Service was held in the cuddy, but I did not attend. At noon one of the sailors struck a porpoise from the bows with a harpoon, and amidst the shouts of the people they succeeded in hauling it up the vessel's side and flung it upon the deck. It was quivering in the agonies of death, and the harpoon had

made an awful gash in its side, from which the blood poured out in gallons. It measured 6 ft. 4 ins., and I should think weighed at least 2 cwt. It was soon cut up and cleaned, and its flesh was hard and firm and just the colour of beef in fact it would have been difficult to have told the difference - so that almost all the emigrants and crew dined off beef steaks. They say it is most excellent, but I did not taste it. In the evening the quarter-deck presented a most animated appearance, as it was a fine evening and almost a calm; I smoked a cigar at the maintop. This is our nineteenth Sunday on board.

Monday, January 31st. Had a fry of the porpoise for breakfast this morning, and several who partook of it declare they could not tell the difference from pig's fry; but I could not be prevailed upon to take any. A dull morning and quiet; a calm. At noon a dense fog gathered around us, which created some alarm as we are so near land. It cleared away, and a breeze sprang up, but dead against, with yards braced tight up; therefore, we went on, but out of our course a little.

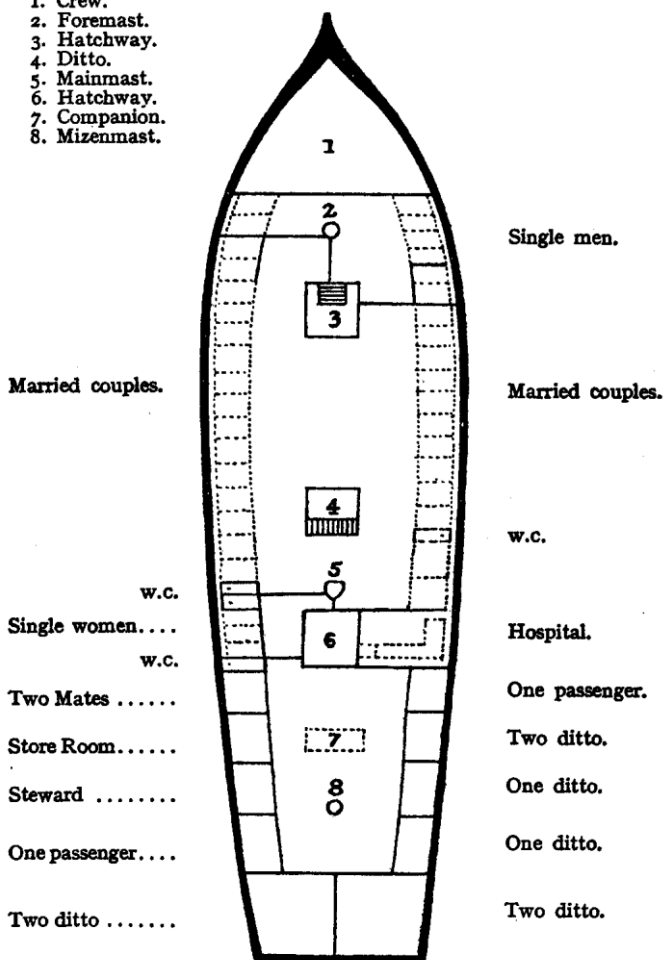
PLAN OF THE *Lord Auckland* BETWEEN DECKS.

SCALE.

0 5 10 20 30 40 50

REFERENCE.

1. Crew.
2. Foremast.
3. Hatchway.
4. Ditto.
5. Mainmast.
6. Hatchway.
7. Companion.
8. Mizenmast.



Above is a correct plan of the ship (between decks.) In the after part you have the berths of the poop (where mine is situated), and here I may as well give some account of the emigrants and their part of the ship. The plan is almost self explanatory. The part occupied by the single men contains twelve berths, half of which lie immediately over the other half, and consequently cannot be shewn in the plan. This remark equally applies to the other departments. Each berth measures about $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. by 2 ft. A hospital attached to this part of the ship also contains two berths. The next division is occupied by all the married couples and their children under fourteen years of age. It contains forty-eight berths in all, each measuring about $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. by $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. It is roomy and well ventilated, and down the middle runs a deal table for their meals. The third division is allotted to the single women and contains six berths. The hospital is 9ft. by 10ft., is well lighted and ventilated, and contains three berths. The cabins for passengers (including those on the poop) are sixteen in number. They vary in size, but the attached plan will pretty nearly give their horizontal dimensions. The poop cabins are by far the best lighted and roomy, and the stem cabins, both above and below, will each accommodate two passengers. For these cabin passengers the captain receives forty guineas per head for provisions in a certain style. I do not see how our captain can get anything by it; but then it must be considered that almost everything is purchased in bond. The remainder of the passage money goes to the ship owner for the use of and to pay for the navigation of his ship. As the Company charter the ship, of course they have to pay for the whole amount of tonnage, whether they are full or not.

But to speak of the emigrants. The New Zealand Company contract with the ship owner to pay 1s. 3d. per day for each emigrant, according to a scale of rations issued by the

Company with which you are all familiar. This scale on board the *Lord Auckland* has been most strictly attended to, and every article has been of the very best description. The owner, for the trouble of providing provisions for them, will, we expect, clear about one penny for each per day. They are all under the care of a surgeon superintendent, and the captain has nothing at all to do with them. The surgeon receives £50, besides 10s. for every one he lands above fourteen years of age; from seven to fourteen, 5s., and from one to seven, 3s. 4d.; under one year nothing; and he forfeits 20s. for every death, either infant or adult. An assistant superintendent is also appointed (who is one of the emigrants), at a salary of £25 for the voyage, to preserve order and see that every person has a fair proportion of their allowance. Four constables are also named by the surgeon (without any emolument or advantage, save that of being exempt from the night watch) to assist in the distribution of provisions, and to see that the berths are clean, &c. There is also a matron over the single women, but without any salary. They are formed into messes of from five to eight persons by the agent at the Depot at Deptford, who does everything in his power to suit the wishes of the parties. Several of them have saved a good deal of their provisions until they land - one proof at any rate that there are plenty. All is done without confusion, as a large cooking apparatus boils, bakes, and does everything else all at once, and there are two men appointed from the emigrants, at a salary of £9 for the voyage, to act as cooks for the rest. In conclusion, the arrangements on board the *Lord Auckland* seem to have been most complete, and all (emigrants and cabin passengers as well) have been as comfortable as the limited means of a ship, and the length of the voyage, would allow.

If you know any cabin passengers coming out a few suggestions may be useful as well. I would by all means choose the poop cabins as more light and airy, and the larboard side in preference to the starboard; on an outward-bound voyage it is generally the weather side; you can, therefore, open your port and you have the fresh air blowing in. In the warm latitudes this is a great comfort, and in the more cold ones I prefer it infinitely. In fitting up the cabins I would advise all bed berths to be fixed fore and aft and not more than 2 ft. wide, to prevent rolling about. These, from experience, are much better than cots or hammocks; the furniture and boxes should, before starting, be firmly lashed with cords and cleated to the ground, to prevent their knocking about. I have had a deal of trouble with mine, through their not being fastened at first. A quantity of good water in bottles will be found a great luxury, particularly in the tropics, when I would have given anything for a glass of pure water, and above everything I would have a small filter. From the commencement of the voyage until off Madeira, warm clothing is required, then light trousers and jackets with straw hats are indispensable. After you have passed the tropics warm clothing is required right away to New Zealand. You cannot have too much linen. A candlestick with a glass shade is requisite to suspend, with a lot of sperm candles. A metal footbath is useful for many things, as well as a water-can or two. By attending to a few little comforts like these, and living in harmony with each other, the voyage to New Zealand, although a long one, nevertheless to a young person, may be rendered a very agreeable period of existence.

Tuesday, February 1st. A dull heavy morning, with a fog and a N.E. wind, which we are running close up to. No observations for these three days, and except by the dead

reckoning we do not know our situation. This, with the fog and the appearance of a gale, and the proximity to land, for we must be off the south end now, has caused great anxiety to be felt by all on board. There are a lot of rocks and an island called the Snares off the south end of Stewart's Island, and it would be rather awkward to come in contact with them during the night. A vigilant watch is, however, to be kept in the fore-castle all night. During the day the long boat has been got ready, the cable got up for the anchor, and various other preparations made for shore. After dinner I went up to the maintop to look for land, but the fog was so dense we could not see any distance. At tea, however, land was cried, and the greatest excitement prevailed; but whether it was but a cloud, which to our busy imagination assumed the form of mountains, or not, it was impossible to tell; yet I go to bed with the firm hope of seeing it in the morning. Good-night.

Wednesday, February 2nd. Wind the same as yesterday. During the night it blew rather fresh, but this morning it fell again to a moderate breeze. I got up early to look out for land, but it was a cold dull morning, and nothing was to be seen but masses of dark cloud, the same everlasting sea grumbling along, with a stray albatross or two skimming along its surface, and a whale spouting far away in the distance. By breakfast time, however, the sun shone out for a minute or two and they were able to take an observation of our longitude; they will not tell us yet what it is, but it is evident we are farther both south and east than there was any occasion for, by orders given immediately to "about ship," and endeavour to retrace our steps again. At the time I am writing, therefore (10 o'clock a.m.), we are going N.W., that is making some progress home again; so much for the experiment of going round the south end, when we

ought to have been safely anchored in Lambton Harbour by this time. It is raining fast now, and altogether it is the most miserable day I have ever seen. At noon "about ship" again, and we went on our original tack. At 2 o'clock a mist came all around us, so that we could not see more than a quarter of a mile. It continued this way until dark, and everything was so cold and damp and the deck so slippery we could not stand upon it.

Thursday, February 3rd. Last night the breeze gradually increased until midnight, when it blew very fresh. It was a most anxious night. Sleep, although I went to bed, was out of the question. The captain was on deck all night, and a sharp look-out kept from the bows; but yet the fog was such that before we could escape from land, if descried, our huge and unwieldy vessel would have been upon it. I got up early this morning, and for a blessing it is clear and fine, and the wind has fallen much, but no land in sight. At 9 o'clock a sail was in sight but the wind died away and we could not approach her until one. She was then about a mile distant, and sent a boat off to us. It was a whaler, the *Xenophon*, of New York. We now learnt accurately our position, for they had made the south cape last night about 5 o'clock, passing through some rocks called the Traps. We were a great deal further south, and went round between the Snares and Auckland Islands at an equal distance from each. We have now, therefore, nothing to do but run up the east coast to Port Nicholson. Our captain seems to have been quite right in his calculations, and has, in the success of his scheme, shewn great nautical skill; but the experiment, with the dense fog we had, and not being able to get our observation of the sun, and on an unknown coast, actually caused great anxiety. Thus the *Lord Auckland* has proved that a passage can be made round the south end of

New Zealand to Port Nicholson almost as quickly, and avoiding the dangerous and difficult navigation of Cook's Straits.

I went on board the Yankee twice with several other of our cabin passengers in their whale boat, which was a great treat, and relieved the monotony. I made myself acquainted with every process they have for catching the whales, preparing the oil, &c. They treated us most hospitably, and we all of us brought away some curiosity. They had been out seventeen months, had killed thirty-six whales, which had yielded 2,100 barrels of oil; they knew New Zealand well and had been into almost every harbour, and they spoke most favourably of its climate, resources, &c. At Banks Peninsula they saw some splendid fields of wheat, and the settlers were exporting grain in considerable quantities to Sydney. Captain Jones dined with us. At 3 o'clock we saw land, but at a great distance; yet as it was the first sight of our future home it was looked at with great interest. It was some high land around Molyneux Harbour; on the east side of the. Middle Island, nearly at the south end. At 8 o'clock a breeze sprang up, and the two ships parted. company.

Friday, February 4th. A beautiful morning, and almost as warm as it was off Madeira. We are sailing up the coast beautifully at a distance of about thirty miles; but its mountains are in sight all along. Several beginning to pack up.

Saturday, February 5th. This morning at 6 o'clock we made Banks Peninsula, and our captain gratified us by running close up to it and skirting the shore, and for the first time since we left the English Channel we saw green leaves. The coast is apparently basaltic and bold, high and rugged.

Behind are hills towering above each other, and clothed to the very top with verdure, with valleys intersecting them; but not the slightest appearance of any inhabitants. About nine we passed the entrance to Port Akaroa, the French settlement. Two ships passed us, both whaling; one we could not make out, the other we spoke; it was a French one named the *Indien*, of Havre, and we took off our caps and passed on, the British Ensign and the French tricolour floating from our respective ships. A beautiful morning, with a quiet breeze.

Sunday, February 6th. We made Palliser, or Useless Bay, and dodged about all day; could not find our way into the Straits.

Monday, February 7th. We lay to all night, passing between Baring and Fitzroy Heads early this morning, when a man in a whale-boat came on board and shewed us the way, and we beat in against a light wind, but dead against us. Here several natives came off in canoes with fish for sale, and we were highly amused with their strange appearance; but I have not time to particularize now. At 2 o'clock we anchored in the Bay about one mile from the town of Wellington.

END OF JOURNAL.

LETTER FROM NELSON.

April 29th, 1842.

My last was written to you on board the *Lord Auckland*, and forwarded from Wellington per ship *Tyne*, via Sydney, giving you the particulars of our rather tedious, but yet most pleasant voyage. We were eight days there, partly by the payment of our duties, as well as by the running away of all our crew, and the difficulty of obtaining another in a new colony. At length, on Friday, the 19th February, everything being done, we once more weighed anchor, and with a fair breeze started into Cook's Straits, but towards night it changed to a north-wester, and we lay to, pitching and tossing most furiously. The next day, after several ineffectual attempts to get up the Straits, we were compelled to drop anchor in a rather sheltered spot in Cloudy Bay, about two miles from the entrance to Port Underwood. On the Sunday, six of us formed a party for exploring the bay, and started in a whale boat for that purpose. After a couple of hours' sail, and beating against a heavy surge, we succeeded in landing at a small whaling station in a harbour forming a little bay, called Ocean Bay, and after a breakfast of biscuit and brandy, started with vigour over the hills. On we went with confidence up high mountains and down valleys, most likely never trod by human foot before, and in vain sought for any land available for cultivation. The country wore the same aspect as it did all up the east coast of the Southern Island. Nothing but mountain after mountain, covered to the summit with those eternal pines. In a little nook we came upon was squatted a Wesleyan Missionary (Mr. Ironsides), and here we saw in this wild wilderness a little garden, laid

out with a few English flowers and vegetables; but, unfortunately, as we gathered from a native, he had gone to Kapita. This little scene, as far as regards myself, brought a yearning for the home I had left, and thoughts occurred to me too deep for utterance. It was Sunday; I could picture to myself what every one for whom I had a regard was about; how I used to enjoy Sundays with them. And then what a change! 18,000 miles of ocean separating us; such a strange wild country, not a living creature to be seen but our own party of six; that I sickened at the thought. This, however, is idle. By sunset we regained the shore, and, tired both in body and spirit, after a hard pull we reached our ship. So much for Cloudy Bay.

On Monday the wind suddenly chopped round, and by noon we were under weigh, and with close reefed topsails only, passed up the straits. On Tuesday we entered Blind Bay, or Tasman's Gulf as it is now called, and sought with high expectations our fancied "Eldorado." On the Wednesday we neared sufficiently to have a glimpse of it, and all our dangers and fears were forgotten. A perfect calm for two or three days prevented us entering, but we anchored in the port of Nelson and our voyage was at an end. Our harbour is not very large, but yet sufficiently commodious for an extensive shipping. The entrance is rather narrow, but at proper periods of the tide, vessels of large tonnage can come in with perfect safety. The loss of the *Fifeshire* in going out was from a gross want of knowledge in the pilot, who was about an hour too late. The situation is most beautiful, at the bottom of a noble bay forty miles wide at the entrance, skirted all round (except one valley ranging up the country, about ten miles in width, and called the Waimea) with high hills of an Alpine aspect, as they range one over the other, and the summits of the back ones capped with snow.

The town of Nelson is situate about one mile from the port, on a perfect level, except In the centre a small hill or acropolis rising abruptly; this is devoted to public purposes, and called Trafalgar Square; one part of the town is a grove of trees – where the genius of romance may fix her bower - by this grove of trees runs a never wearied stream of fresh water, from 12 to 18 ft. wide. The streets are broad and straight, and run exactly at right angles, with a view of the Bay and shipping coming in thirty or forty miles distant. All will, I think, agree this site is most beautiful; the only thing is that it is about four times too large; had the sections been in quarter acres instead of whole ones the value of the town property would have been more equalised. This accounts for a good many grumblers, who find that their high numbers are not at present good for anything. The whole of the town acres were selected last week, and things will assume a more regular and organized appearance. Houses, and some of them really good ones, are springing up every day like mushrooms, frame ones and weather-boarded, and most of them shingle roofs. Coal, magnesia, limestone, and a kind of marble has been found at Massacre Bay, not far from here, and, positively, to prove the fact, seven of us chartered a small schooner and brought a cargo from there, which lies on our beach at present. The coal is something like your anthracite, and the limestone of the finest quality. There are five or six brickyards at work, and we shall have them at about 50s. per 1,000. We have had two cargoes of cattle from Sydney, consisting of about 250 cows and bullocks, 150 sheep, 24 horses, goats, &c., and to-day I dined off a splendid loin of mutton which cost 1½d. per lb. Our population is now nearly 2,000; good roads are now being made; the markets are well attended with provisions, and at a very moderate rate, considering.

The Suburban lands will be ready for selection in about six months; they are principally up the Waimea Valley; reports speak highly of the district, but I have not yet had time to explore it. The rural lands will be at the other side of the Bay, at Motuaka, Nanganui, Takaka, Carèu, Takkppoa, Kangototo, and some more hard names which I cannot think of at present. The soil is good, and except in some districts where it is heavily timbered, ready for plough at once, being only covered with high flax, fern, and toi toi. The climate is most beautiful - I should say approaching in its character to the south of Spain. It is the commencing of our winter, or similar to your October; yet the thermometer in the shade ranges at from 60 to 70 degrees. There is no fall of the leaf here. Trees are evergreen. At present there are peas and beans in flower, and we are planting our potatoes. Frost and snow, we apprehend, except in the lofty mountains, are things unheard of. Our position is, I consider, highly advantageous. At the entrance of Cook's Straits, ships from England and the Australian colonies, will avoid this dangerous navigation. Captain Wakefield, the Company's representative (and whose friendly and energetic conduct I cannot speak in too high terms of) and Mr. Thompson, the Government representative, are both solicitous for our comfort and happiness, and we are all friendly and happy together. There are but two classes of people - ourselves and the labouring class. The utmost hilarity prevails, and I never was more jovial in my life. Distinctions of rank I never hear of, or false notions of pride. We go into each other's houses, and are hail fellows well met. There are no gentlemen (although some can boast of gentlemanly blood), but all are workers. The voice of complaining is never heard, but all are merry as the days are long. Of the success of the colony I can have no possible doubt, provided we have men of capital to

cultivate our lands, and produce articles for export. This, we hope, will soon be the case. Wages at present are: mechanics, 12s.; many labourers, 8s., working but eight hours; but this is, of course, far too high, and as more labour comes into the market, wages must be lower. The natives are a most interesting people, and come in their canoes in tribes from the neighbouring coast with pigs and potatoes. We are on the most friendly terms with them; indeed, at the first, we must have almost starved without them; but they are too proud to work; they walk stately along, perfectly naked, except a blanket thrown gracefully across their shoulders; some of them are desirous for European dress, and it is most ludicrous to see their attempt at it; one of them, perhaps, will have a waistcoat on, sans-trousers, and everything else; another, perhaps, will have one stocking and one shoe, and an old hat stuck on his head; or it is no uncommon occurrence to see a female with a man's white cotton shirt on and a sailor's red night-cap. They are all missionaries, as they call themselves, and their chief "make a read," as they say, in the book (that is the New Testament in native language) every sunrise and sunset.

Mr. S. and his family arrived all safe and well about a fortnight ago, after a very long passage. They are settling near me, and request their kindest regard; I expect that I shall live with them. Mr. and Mrs. W. Dartnell are next door to me, and apparently doing pretty well. As to myself I am well in health, never so well before, and in high spirits, and I have not the slightest doubt I shall do very well; indeed I have done so already, and am now fully established as a wholesale merchant. I buy a great many goods of the ships and sell them again to advantage. The other day I bought the whole of the cargo of the schooner *State*, principally consisting of potatoes. Anything, no

matter what, as long as it bears a profit. I am at present on the acre No. 64 on the surveyor's plan, but I am building a large store in Trafalgar Street; I have taken a part for twenty-one years; it will be ready for me in about a fortnight. My success will, I am sure, give you as much satisfaction as I can possibly have in relating it, and I need scarcely again assure you of my gratified feelings for your many kindnesses. I look forward with great pleasure to the arrival of every ship, expecting to hear from some of my friends, but I have not heard from any, except one letter from Yorkshire. You must not suppose for one moment that my present satisfaction precludes all feeling of regard for those at home, whom I some day hope again to see.

Yours,

ALFRED FELL.